the LINK

April 1973

HANDEL AND HIS *MESSIAH*

THE *ELIJAH*—
MENDELSSOHN'S MASTERPIECE

SUCH IS WAR

Prayers for Holy Week & Easter, P. 65

THE LINK

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Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

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IN THIS ISSUE

IN THIS EASTER ISSUE the Staff of the General Commission on Chaplains greet LINK and CHAPLAIN readers around the world and wish one and all a joyous Easter. May the proclamation of Christ's triumph over death bring a new birth of the spirit into every life. This is a message of life and hope to a world too familiar with death and despair. On any level, peace is difficult to achieve, but the Easter Gospel adds a perspective which admits a transcendent joy into the most horrendous circumstance. This, surely, is the best of all possible good news! Those who serve in military forces may appreciate it even more than their civilian brethren.

HANDEL AND HIS *MESSIAH* and THE *ELIJAH:* MENDELSSOHN'S MASTERPIECE are our theme pieces. The PRAYERS FOR HOLY WEEK AND EASTER on page 65, taken from the Book of Common Prayer, are gems which "Mod" speech can never eclipse. STRANGER IN GETHSEMANE and SUCH IS WAR touch unforgettably on sacrifice. We hope that you will profit from your reading of this month's LINK!

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"It was as though a Divine Hand was guiding his."

Handel and His *Messiah*

By Louise Parnell

NEVER have I heard anything like it! You must be possessed of the devil!"

It was the fourteenth of September, 1741. Dr. Jenkins was speaking to George Frederick Handel. He had been summoned to 23 Brook Street, in London's Grosvenor Square, by Christopher Smith, Handel's script copyist. He had come in great haste for, surely, something must be wrong with Handel's ailing body.

He had been asleep seventeen hours! All efforts to awaken him had failed. By the time Dr. Jenkins arrived, however, Handel's manservant greeted him excitedly, "The Maestro is up!" he said. "He's already eaten half a ham!"

The physician entered the room. Handel was laughing uncontrollably. "What's come over you?" Dr. Jenkins asked.

Finally, the composer's laughter subsided to a smile. He went to his beloved harpsichord. Touching its keys, he bowed his head solemnly.

He began to play. It was a chorus filled with jubilance and triumph, as though it were the finale of a great work. Then, in a voice full of sound and fury that wanted to reach the heavens with its loud acclaim, he broke into an earth-shaking *Amen!* Its thunder shook the massive body of the composer.

It was then Dr. Jenkins said that

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Handel must be possessed of the devil.

The composer, in a solemn whisper, replied, "I think God has visited me!"

Handel thought of the day all this had begun. It was the twenty-first of August, a little more than three weeks before. He had been walking the streets of London, desolate, forsaken, feeling frightfully alone. He was a dejected, beaten man. His soul hungered for music, fresh, new, sparkling music to flow from his pen.

But his mind seemed to have lost all power of creativity. He had been so despondent he had cried out to God, availing himself of the identical words his Divine Son had used in the dread agony in the Garden. "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

A Born Musician

Life had not been easy for Handel. Born February 23, 1685, he had embraced music as his one and only love. He had composed a great deal. Some of it had been good and had been acclaimed. Some of it had not been as good as he would have liked it to be. There were those who recognized him as a genius.

He was an *exacting* genius, never quite pleased with his work, always knowing he could do better. He had worked incessantly at composition through the years; often with a drive that caused people to think he was mad.

Then had come that dreadful day in his life—April 13, 1737. He had returned home from rehearsing one of his operas. His anger had known no limits. He was so enraged he had lost complete command of himself. Then, he had fallen to the floor with a heavy thud.

His man-servant, hearing it, ran to his master's study. He saw the massive body lying inert. The eyes were wide open, staring into space.

Horrified, he called for assistance. Christopher Smith ran into the room. Together, they placed Handel on the bed. Then, Chrsitopher Smith had rushed to Fleet Street for Dr. Jenkins.

"Those singers, librettists, and critics have worried Handel to death!" he told the doctor as the carriage rushed to Brook Street. "All his savings are gone. His creditors are after him day and night. They mean to break our genius. They *will* break him!"

Who, better than he, could realize the great calibre of this musical giant with whom he was privileged to work?

They had entered Handel's study. He was still lying motionless. His breath came with great difficulty. Dr. Jenkins hurriedly made an incision for blood-letting. Finally, a sigh came from the Maestro's lips.

"I'm—I'm finished!" His voice seemed to come from another world.

Dr. Jenkins looked into his eyes. There was no sight in one of them. His arm was limp and heavy. He diagnosed the condition as apoplexy.

"His right side is paralyzed. We may save the man but not the musician. *He* is dead forever. There is a permanent injury to his brain."

These were dread words for one whose entire life had made that brain seethe with music.

Four months went by. Handel could neither walk nor talk. He could not touch his beloved harpsichord.

His friends came and played for him. When he heard the musical sounds he loved, a strange light haloed his face. For a fleeting moment, one thought the Maestro had returned.

In a last futile attempt to assist Handel, Dr. Jenkins urged he be taken to the hot baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. Here, his great will to be master of his genius conquered. In one short week of bathing in the hot springs, he was able to walk again. One more week went by and he raised his arm.

Day by day, growing enthusiasm swept his body. Once more, his brain began to be filled with music that craved expression.

The day he left Aix-la-Chapelle he went to the Cathedral. There was within him a tremendous urge to pray. He felt he must thank God for having resurrected him from the dead. He never had been a very religious man but now he knew he must go to God. He must thank him for the miracle he had performed for his unworthy servant.

In the Cathedral he approached the organ. He touched its keys. Soon, beautiful chords formed under his fingers. Their music resounded through the Cathedral. *He was able to use his fingers again!* He would thank God in music, he vowed fervently to himself.

G. F. Handel

Driven by Thankfulness

Returning to London, he devoted himself completely to his music. He wrote operas, oratorios; whatever his fertile mind became occupied with at the particular time.

There was his *Israel In Egypt,* the oratorio written in 1737. And another oratorio, *Saul,* also written in that year. There were others.

Each was filled with an overpowering mastery of his genius. Each brimmed with his new-found appreciation of God and of his omnipotence. He was composing at a terrific pace. It was as though his font of genius was full to the brim. He must catch all on paper so not

even one note would be wasted.

Suddenly, financial circumstances changed. His patron, Queen Caroline, died. His pension stopped. Houses of entertainment closed. There was less need for music and for composers who created it.

No one came to his financial assistance. His creditors pressed him heavily. He seemed, suddenly, to have lost that wonderful life he had re-built after his glorious re-birth from apoplexy.

Why was this happening to him? Why? It was then he asked his Maker why he had forsaken him.

He had hurried to Brook Street, drained of all energy, wanting to drown his misery in an unbroken sleep.

His steps were slow and measured as they climbed the way to his study. He opened the door. Lifelessly, he lit the candle. It threw its soft, shimmering light over the fast darkening room. Dusk was beginning to enshroud it.

A New Manuscript!

Suddenly, his eyes caught the glimpse of a parcel on his worktable. Who had sent it? Wondering, he reached for it. He saw the letter of explanation. It was from Charles Jennens. He was the poet who had written the librettos for *Saul* and *Israel*.

Here was a new manuscript, he said, to which Handel could apply his genius.

Handel fumed with anger. Surely, Jennens was toying with him! He knew the difficult straits into which Handel had fallen. How could he create anything now when his mind, his body, and all his forces were limp and lifeless?

Infuriated with Jennens, Handel tore his letter to bits. More than ever grief-stricken, he went to bed.

Strangely, though, he could not sleep. Angry as he was with Jennens, still he felt the need to look at his manuscript.

Quickly, he rose and went to the table. He placed the words at the best angle so they would catch the light. On the first page, he read the word: *Messiah*. "So this was to be another oratorio," he observed, annoyed.

"Why was Jennens doing this to him? Didn't he realize all his recent oratorios had been failures? A complete loss of time and energy? Fruitless dreams that had evaporated as fast as he had made them?"

But Handel did not push the manuscript aside. He began to read. As he read, each biblical word shaped itself into a musical note. Suddenly, the mind that had been drained of all inspiration began to shine with a new brilliance. The spark he had thought dead, lost for all time, began to glow again. It demanded immediate expression.

"The Lord gave the Word," he read. There were tears of joy in Handel's eyes as he realized that the Lord, indeed, was giving him the word—a combination of glorious words he must translate into music.

Quickly, he went for his pen. The notes flowed in a creative abundance he had not experienced before. Faster and faster the musical signs made their appearance on paper—

so fast that his hand labored to keep up with their rapid, incessant flow.

Dusk ushered in the night. Outside, the city lay wrapped in a black mantle, asleep to the cares of the day. Inside Handel's study, there was no time for sleep. The rest he had thought he needed was not required now. He now had what he *really* needed. With the *Messiah* occupying every fiber of his being, he would create only for him!

Composed in Three Weeks

For three weeks no one dared to approach his study. There was no night in his calendar during this period. There was only an endless stretch of time. It might have been one interminable day, for Handel was aware of nothing and no one.

The harpsichord was his one companion. Upon it he strummed the chords that shaped in his soul. Often, his voice would unite with the harpsichord. His fingers wrote incessantly, note after note after note, until he was certain they would crumble beneath the severe burden he was placing upon them.

Miraculously, they did not give way. It was as though a Divine Hand was guiding his, and with that guidance no miracle was too great.

At long last, the oratorio was completed. Only the *Amen* remained to be written. Then, the jubilant *Messiah* could be announced to the world.

Handel realized the tremendous force of the work demanded a loud, thundering *Amen,* one that would shout its "So Be It" to the heavens. This word was to be enshrined in a musical temple that would spiral up to and penetrate the sky.

Accordingly, he labored upon it with all the loving care and genius which was his. At last, he was pleased with the result.

Then, and only then did the pen fall from his hand. It was as though that inanimate instrument realized it could be released now, for its work had been accomplished.

Physically fatigued and overwrought, his aching body sought the couch. Stumbling, he fell upon it. His eyes closed. He was dead to the world.

He slept for seventeen hours! Then, when Dr. Jenkins came, Handel made his announcemnt, "I think God has visited me!"

God, indeed, had visited him, for in the *Messiah,* Handel achieved the complete fulfillment of his genius. An exalted devotion of mankind, it expressed man's loftiest sentiments and voices universal religious devotion.

The oratorio is divided into three parts. The first depicts the longing of the world for the Messiah, prophesies his coming, and announces his birth.

The second part is absorbed with the suffering, the death, and the exaltation of Christ. It tells man of the triumph of the Gospel.

The third part proclaims the highest truths of life—faith in the existence of God; the certainty of an eternal life; the resurrection and the final attainment of eternity where happiness awaits man.

Had Handel composed only the *Messiah,* his genius would have been

as undisputed as it is now. For there is a tremendous force, an overpowering vigor, a divine exaltation in this oratorio which no other surpasses. It would seem, indeed, as though God had visited Handel and had helped him compose it.

First Performed in Dublin

He was invited to go to Dublin for the first performance of his masterpiece. He accepted the invitation. It was his wish to donate all the profits to charity for the care of orphans, prisoners, and the sick.

It was the evening of April 13, 1742. Crowds had gathered in Fishamble Street in Dublin long before the doors of the theater were to open. Anticipating a tremendous turnout, the management had requested ladies to use no hoops in their skirts. Gentlemen were to come without their swords. In this way there would be more room to accommodate the crowd.

As expected, the *Messiah* was a tremendous success. The public acclaimed him. Now he was recognized by all for his tremendous genius.

Though physical ailments came to torment him, through the years he continued with his work. Finally, his eyes failed him. While working on *Jephtha,* he became blind.

It seemed almost God-ordained that Handel was to begin the road to eternity during a performance of the *Messiah.* He was 74 when, on April 6, 1759, he went to the concert hall to hear another performance of his beloved masterpiece. Though he could not see, he had wanted to be present.

"The trumpet shall sound!"

His music accompanied the announcement.

Good Friday

For Handel, the man, the trumpet indeed was sounding its final call. Staggering, he fell to the floor. Friends hurried him home.

"I would like to die on Good Friday," he whispered feebly.

"Why is he choosing Good Friday, April the thirteenth?" they asked one another.

They could not remember, but Handel never could forget.

On that day, in 1737, he had been stricken with apoplexy. He had become a man dead to the world.

On that day, in 1742, his glorious *Messiah* had had its first performance. With it he had become a man resurrected to a new life.

That was why he wished to go to eternity on that day, too.

God, hearing his plea, caused his senses to leave him completely on Good Friday, April thirteenth. His body lay as though dead all that day.

On the next, the fourteenth, George Frederick Handel went to meet the Messiah he had glorified in music for all the ages.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: 1 Sam. 3:11; Is. 9:6; Mk. 15:34; Rev. 19:6.

1. Handel was a driven man—"well driven," as Kierkegaard would say. He shows us what a gifted person who is powerfully motivated can accomplish. Have you, similarly, known moments in which you have felt driven to focus your abilities upon some notable task? What was the result?
2. At first, Handel cursed the appearance of yet another manuscript, yet it turned out that the postman had deposited a great opportunity at his door. Have you ever known such an experience? Describe it. ■ ■

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Wherever Servicemen and women stop, wait, and wonder about themselves, their mission, where they're going in life, what it's all about—these are the places you'll find The LINK. Its articles, features, and departments are for people who are asking the right questions and searching for answers they can live with.

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"It is whom you serve that is important."

Stranger in Gethsemane

By Beverly Scavarelli

THE coronet of shiny, dark braids disappeared into the high mountain of hay in the blackest corner of the barn. Swiftly, the boy's deft hands hid the remaining strands peeping out and smoothed the spot young Karolina had forced her lithe body through.

"There, now you'll be safe for awhile. Please stop crying or someone passing might hear you. I'll bring you something to eat when I come back."

Young Wladzio brushed small, clinging pieces of hay from his worn clothes, then, flushed and panting, ran out to join the searchers and to pretend surprise at the disappearance of Karolina.

Left to herself, frightened and nearly hysterical, she tried to sort out what was happening to her world. True, the Poland she lived in was becoming more unsettled than ever, and the rumblings of war that filtered to the farming communities had all the people trembling. But when, she wondered, had life been easy for the peasant stock from which she was sprung? Always though, they managed to find some pleasures, like the time pappa sold the pig to the Bishop and there was enough money to let mama buy the red wool to make her a lovely coat with her first matching hat. And the time the harvest was plentiful two years before when she was twelve, and mamma sang as she kneaded bread with the white flour pappa brought from Delejow.

WHY then, she cried, were her parents so determined to make her marry that old man? She had had no chance to speak when

pappa summoned her that day. He had looked strangely sad and patted her black hair fondly, but then, straightening himself in the old, brown cracked chair, he spoke harshly.

"Karolina, you are now a woman and as such, must begin to take your place like a woman. It is not becoming for a tall girl like you to race through the fields anymore like a chicken trying to escape the axe. And your mamma tells me that young Wladzio, the widow's son is always behind your skirts. I've no doubt he is a good boy," he said quickly as anger rose on the girl's face "but it is not proper. Besides," he went on, "Father Wolotko tells me the fellow is to go to the Seminary in Warsaw next year, so he must prepare himself. Also, it is time for you to settle down, so I have made arrangements with our good neighbor Peter Puhalski to marry you. As you must know Peter has a large property and would like to be assured of sons to take over some day."

The grey-faced man looked appealingly at Josepha, his wife, who had been sitting quietly winding some wool throughout her husband's pronouncement.

Karolina, rendered speechless by her father's words, stared hopefully at her mother. But Josepha, her blue babushka slipping over the tired, lined forehead, sighed deeply and said, "Your father is quite right, little one, and you must understand. Peter is a respectable man and kind. We are very fortunate because today the whole country is aroused, and discontent among the people is growing. Your pappa and I can-

not keep our home much longer as we cannot pay the huge taxes. Pappa is not a young man, and who can tell how much longer that madman in Germany will stay away. We want to see you safe if we should not be here to look after you."

Wearily, she lifted her hands, work-worn and rough, in mute appeal.

Karolina, shivering in the cold barn, sadly recalled the morning that followed. She had crept silently out of bed and dressed hurriedly in the frosty air. Then, climbing out the window, she dropped catlike onto the hard ground and, tears blinding her large brown eyes, ran off in a westerly direction. Nearing Delejow, she slowed to a walk to catch her breath which threatened to choke her. Ah, there, just ahead, was Wladzio's small yellow house. She thought surely her life-long friend would know what to do.

Wladzio did have an idea. They would go to Father Wolotko and beg his intervention. Certainly, when Karolina told him what was in her heart he would speak to pappa.

THEY stood in the parlor of the rectory facing the door while the housekeeper went in search of the priest. Wladzio looked down at her and pressed her hand reassuringly. At that moment the door opened, and the priest, tall and imposing strode into the tiny room.

"Children, what are you doing here at such an early hour? Is there something wrong at home Karolina? It cannot be Wladzio's mother as she has just left from Mass. Well Karo, speak up" he commanded as she and Wladzio stared at the ascetic looking man.

"Please Father, I need your help, and it is not mamma or pappa. Indeed, they do not know I am here or they would be very angry. But oh, Father, they want me to marry Peter Puhalski, and he is not for me. Pappa will listen to you, Father. I beg you, do speak for me."

Sobs began to shake her body then, and she watched the priest toying absently with the Crucifix on his cassock and a long moment passed before he raised his bowed head.

"Sit down, both of you and I will explain as well as I can why their decision is as it is. Your parents had thought this out carefully Karo, before they and Peter came to see me yesterday. I confess that at first I could not agree completely, but after certain facts were told to me I saw the wisdom of the union. You two," he went on, "are likely aware of the youth work camps that are being set up in our country these days. Today even some of our own people," he said disdainfully, "are collaborating with the foreigners and taking the healthy children away to these abominable places to work at making weapons for their so called 'Master Race.' We cannot hope to hide all our children or that God will strike the enemy down. So we do what we can in many seemingly strange ways. Also, my dear girl, there is one more thing you do not know."

It was then that Wladzio had jumped to his feet, exclaiming, "Don't Father, please, it can't change anything and you will break her heart."

"Hush boy, she must know now. Listen carefully, Karo, you are grown up enough to know that sometimes life is very difficult. So I will tell you why I will permit this marraige to Peter. I know you love Michael and Josepha dearly, and that's as it should be, for they have raised you with all the love and goodness they possess. But you must know that in the town hall records, there is a paper that states that you are not their natural child."

Karolina felt a tight knot rise in her throat and a low moan escaped her lips, but she was incapable of speech. The priest mopped his brow with his linen handkerchief, though it was not warm in the little room, and she felt he was giving her sufficient time to recover before continuing with this revelation. She nodded her head at him and gave him the sign to go on.

"God knows I would not have wished to tell you this, but it is time. Your own mother, Karo, was an unfortunate woman who loved unwisely, and when you were born she went to Michael and Josepha to help with the harvest, in return for food and shelter. But she never fully recovered from the birth and, still more, I fear, from the defection of your father; while you were still an infant she died. Meanwhile, Michael and Josepha were much older and had not been blessed with a family and they wanted you so much that the Bishop agreed to let them raise you as their own, in spite of the fact that your father was found to be Jewish."

KAROLINA blinked back the tears. Now she understood the scared look in her parents' faces. It was a fear of the danger to her if the Germans should know of her parentage. Lately, whispers of the purges of citizens known to have Jewish blood had been coming from Warsaw. Did they all actually believe, though, that marriage to Peter would save her?

"Father, mamma and pappa would be in danger too, wouldn't they, even if I were to go through with this marriage, and their only fault is that they kept a baby with the wrong parents?"

"If it were found out, yes they could be in trouble, but Karo, that is their choice," the priest replied, "theirs and Peter's."

Twisting her body in the hay to try and relieve the cramps in her legs, Karolina sadly meditated the events of the past two weeks. She had obtained promises from Father and Wladzio. They would not let on yet that she knew the circumstances of her birth. But she did not tell the priest that more than ever she could not go through with the wedding. It was not right for many reasons; no one else should be in danger because of her, and furthermore she was determined to pursue her dream. She remembered the day she had confided to Wladzio that she would become a nun. She knew he would understand, for was he

not going to the Seminary to study for the Priesthood? This rabid condition in their land would not last long, and if she could only disappear until it was over, mamma and pappa would be left alone.

Thus, Karolina had made her plans, and Wladzio, torn between loyalty and fear for her, had agreed to help. This morning, then, the day of the wedding had dawned grey and cold. Karolina could visualize from her hiding place Josepha trotting through the house busily making ready for the small ceremony which was to be in the parlor of the old farmhouse. Father Wolotko had convinced them it would be best to do it quietly. Karo remembered that the tiny woman had voiced serious reservations, but had succumed to the men's persuasions. If it had not been for the worried lines deepening the furrows in her face, she would have been thought to be completely sure of the arrangements being made for the saving of her beloved Karo.

SIGHING inwardly, Karolina knew that about this very moment, Josepha would be climbing the narrow stairs to awaken her child, for the girl knew that in her mother's mind she would always remain her child. And how often lately had Karo heard her mother ponder on all the children that were now being hidden in one way or another in these unnatural days. She almost smiled as she recalled that only yesterday the very devout Josepha had questioned the Lord's motive in allowing the atrocities, then as though ashamed of such blasphemous remarks, had quickly crossed herself and muttered a short prayer.

Suddenly, Karolina shivered as she realized that by now Josepha would have found the note she had left reclining on the wash stand against the old pewter pitcher. In her mind she could see the words again as she had written them.

Dearest mamma and pappa,

Please forgive me, but I cannot go through with your plans. I have tried to talk to you, pappa, but you had decided what you felt was best. So I will go away until the danger is over; surely it will not be too long. You see, I have given my life to one who is not of this earth, the Prince of heaven, and I cannot marry a human man.

Just love me, try to understand, and always remember you are as much my parents to me as if I had been born to you, and I love you more dearly than anyone alive.

Your daughter Karo

Hours later, Karolina tried to stretch her numb legs and in so doing startled the small creatures beneath her feet. She stifled a cry and then a shudder passed through her body as she felt, rather than heard someone nearby.

"It's me Karo, I had to wait till everyone went back into the house before coming. There has been someone around the yards all day. Now your mother made them all come in for some coffee and food.

I even managed to bring you some meat and bread, but I'm afraid I could only get you some water from the well to drink."

"Oh Wladzio, I'm so cold now. I must have fallen asleep for a long time, Is it almost time to go to the train?"

"In another hour we can leave, so you have to be brave awhile yet. Now do you remember what to do when you reach the city?"

She nodded her head, the hay falling in wisps over her shoulders, "Yes, I will go directly to the Mother Superior and ask for asylum. Pray to God that they haven't yet begun to ravage the convents. Meanwhile, while we wait Wladzio, tell me what has been happening all day out there. And do they understand and forgive me for doing it this way? I truly did not want them to know where I am going, so they may be truthful if asked. Only you, dear faithful friend, have insisted on helping me, and I let you convince me."

Taking her hand in his, the boy related the scenes at the house, upon Josepha's discovery of the note.

FATHER Wolotko and I arrived together as you planned Karo. After I left you here, I went around the back road and met him, and I believe he thought I was just on my way as he was, so he offered me a lift the rest of the way. When we came, your pappa showed him your note and Father said he was not really too surprised, as he felt you did not feel right about their plans all along."

He lowered his voice still more and continued, "I don't want to alarm you Karo, but now I must tell you that when Peter and your pappa went along the road to search for you, they met a man who told them that what we all feared is beginning to start. The Germans are now spreading to the farms in efforts to dragoon the young people for their base purposes. So now Father has told us all that perhaps it is best if you do go away into hiding, as some of our less patriotic neighbors would happily exchange word of your parentage for their own purposes."

"But what of you Wladzio? I mean if they are taking all the young men too?"

"Father has managed to find a position for me at the town hall. It is not easy to find someone here to keep ledgers, and he thinks I will be left, and anyway, they won't stay in our country for long. Our people will not stand for it," he added emphatically.

"Oh, how difficult it is to be growing up Wladzio! I am too old to play with dolls and too young to be able to go out and make my own life. But I trust God will come to our aid if it is his will. If not, then I pray we all have the strength to bear it."

She lifted her head to see the boy crouched beside the mound of hay. He was staring stiffly through the crack in the large doorway, intent on a low, rumbling noise which they both realized was growing steadily louder.

"What is it Wladzio, it sounds like Peter's truck, but he has only one and this seems like many."

"Shh, stay hidden here and wait while I go and look." He stood up from his kneeling position and walked stiffly to the opening, wide enough to enable Karolina to see over the top of the hay.

In the distance they could make out a line not unlike a long caterpillar, winding steadily towards the farms. It was traveling at a great speed, they could see, from dust rising in the evening light. They looked over the small hill to the left and saw that those in the house had heard the convoy as well. Several dim shadows dotted the yard and Karo glimpsed Josepha's blue babushka flapping in the bitter wind that had risen.

Wladzio stood very still, and she saw the look of confusion and helplessness spread over his countenance. By now the lead car was close enough to see him and for him to run back into the barn would only serve to draw attention to that building. After flinging one last, desperate glance at Karolina, Wladzio began walking towards the yard by the house, she realized by this that he hoped to deter any search of the barn. Her terrified eyes followed his back as the first car leading the trucks pulled to a halt. She saw a tall, blond florid-faced man step out and wave an official looking paper.

"You understand," she heard him say to the silent group as he smiled thinly, "that we do not intend to harm anyone. That is a misconception you peasants seem to share. We

wish to help your country raise itself from the tyranny you have been under, and to do this we must have your cooperation in our factories. Now," he went on, "will you kindly call the girl known as Karolina Wolchynska, and we will be on our way?"

Karolina scarcely breathed, and the only sounds to break the silence of the night air were the muffled sobs from the area in which the trucks were stopped, though they were completely covered by dirty, grey tarpaulins. She burrowed her head back into the hay, praying fervently that this nightmare would end. Without warning, she felt her head jerk backwards as a hand roughly pulled her hair, and a grinning soldier dragged her from the hay and into the yard.

She stumbled along, and saw all the heads swing in their direction as the man holding her arm called out in triumph.

"Found her hiding in the haystack when I went to look over the animals, sir."

"Very good Sergeant, I'm sure she will be happy to serve her country. Put her in with the others, but take care. This one is special, according to my orders."

Clicking his heels together, he bowed to the startled folk there on the road and briskly climbed into the car, tapping the driver in a signal to move on.

Josepha uttered a low moan and had to be held back by the priest as Karolina was pulled to the truck. The girl smiled at her mother and from her pocket pulled out a tiny piece of crumbled white paper.

"Please sir, a moment to say goodbye?" she asked, and as the soldier for a minute loosened his grip she handed the paper to the priest, who had moved up with the others to the back of the vehicle.

"This is to remember, my loved ones, that there are many ways to serve. It is whom you serve that is important, so read what I have written and you will know what is in my heart. You, mamma, must be brave, and pappa will hold you tight through the bad times that may come. You Peter, don't feel bad, as you would have nobly given your name, but it was not to be."

She took a breath and looking fondly at the priest continued, "Father, give them all a part of your courage and pray for me. Finally dear, dear Wladzio, remember me and carry on to make the vows you desire. And now sir," she said with dignity, "I am ready."

She descended into the bowels of the truck. The convoy started up and began to wind its way on to make history. In the distance, the lonely whistle of a train cut through the evening air and faded towards one of the last trips to freedom. Karolina saw from the truck the wind start to freeze the tears on the faces, and the lantern Peter lit flickered and gained strength and she smiled as the priest's voice read,

"The lily shines with purity,
therein her garden small,
While the red rose lends its blush
of blood upon the high brick wall.
These two, the pure, sweet breath
of life, enhanced by God's great

Love,
When mingled with a victim's blood for him, becomes a secret cove.
Not all can truly sacrifice their bodies on the cross,
But all may own a garden in their soul, which is n'er lost.
With Love of God and Love of Men imbedded in the heart,
St. Paul has said, 'It's Charity, that wins the better part.'" ■ ■

PHOTO CREDITS

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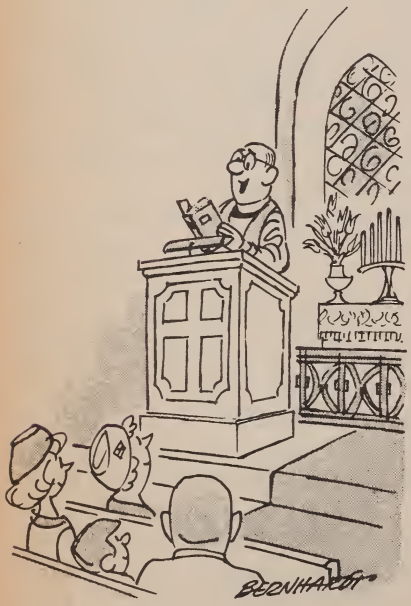

"And now, brethren, let us give in accordance with what we reported on Form 1040!"

Daily Bible Readings

The Good News for Our Rescue
April

DAY		BOOK	CHAPTER
		Jesus' Steadfast Intent	
1	Sunday	John	7:14-30
2		John	8:12-29
3		John	12:20-33
4		Luke	9:18-22
5		Luke	9:44-56
6		Mark	10:32-45
7		John	8:31-59
		Jesus' Last Hours With His Own	
8	Sunday	Mark	14:22-42
9		Mark	13:1-13
10		Mark	13:24-37
11		Mark	14:10-21
12		John	14:1-31
13		John	15:1-27
14		John	16:1-33
		Jesus' Passion and Death	
15	Sunday	Luke	19:28-40
16		Luke	19:41-48
17		Exodus	12:1-13
		Matthew	26:17-19
18		Luke	22:47-71
19		Luke	23:1-26
20		Mark	15:24-41
21		Luke	23:50-56
		Our Rescue Accomplished!	
22	Sunday	Mark	16:1-11
23		Luke	24:13-27
24		Luke	24:28-48
25		1 Corinthians	15:12-28
26		Romans	9:1-24
27		Romans	9:25-33
28		Romans	10:1-21
		Jesus Appears To His Own	
29	Sunday	John	20:11-18
30		John	20:19-23

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All It Needed Was A Heart

By Ralph W. Seager

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you . . ." ". . . for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh."

WHEN I was but a slat of a lad, there was a pear tree in our backyard. But it was a pear tree which never got around to the business of being a pear tree. It never had any pears. My grandmother said that maybe someone had put a curse on it — like gypsies.

So the pear tree endured, but only as a tree. It leafed, blossomed, let its leaves down, and went to sleep. It grew a little taller each year, but that was all.

Then one spring a boy and girl came to that tree. As she strolled by, he detained her by slipping his arm about her waist. As she stopped, with no discernible reluctance, he took his jackknife and carved a heart deep into the bark. I had always thought that being in love made persons lightheaded, but this was not the case here. It made the girl so heavy-headed that she had to rest it upon his shoulder. At this encouragement he linked their initials deeply into the bark and so locked them together in the heart he had given to the tree. They kissed and walked on, proud of their inscribed record.

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Fruit Appears!

A few days later, after blossoming, the tree began to fill out, to swell, to increase. All summer long it burgeoned with promise as its fruit set and flourished. By harvest time, pears like small, golden cellos, filled the tree for the first time in its life.

Very often, when a tree is severely pruned, it comes back to establish its characteristics more strongly than ever before. Perhaps there is something in the healing process that calls on nature to become its very best in order to overcome the injury.

Maybe the small wound of the carved heart triggered this force. In any case, I knew that a pear tree which had never produced pears was now filled with them.

All it needed was a heart.

THE FOSTER HEART

Old folks said this twisted tree
From the first was devil-cursed.
All its branches writhed and groaned;
It stood defeated and disowned,
Just as though a baneful oath
Had been sworn against its growth;
For years of struggle in the earth
Had not brought one bud to birth.

Then two kissed here and said this tree
Of all the rest was heaven-blessed.
And so they carved their Cupid's mark
With both initials in the bark.
And in that April's secret air,
The tree swelled big and blossomed fair,
Till summer filled its fruitful part . . .
All it needed was a heart.

Our Father: Whatever it is we need that will make us flourish and produce good fruit, grant this to us, even a new heart, in Jesus' name.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Ezekiel 36:26; Luke 6:43-5; 8:5-15.

1. What, do you think, is the point of this gentle parable? What is being said or suggested?
2. Compare it with Jesus' parable about the seed, Luke 8:5 ff.
3. A song popular in our day asserts, "Ya Gotta Have Heart!" What does it mean? Does the Bible agree? Do you? Illustrate. ■ ■

Death seemed to follow Robert Todd Lincoln.

"I'm Not Fit Company!"

By Joseph C. Salak

ON THE AFTERNOON of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, Miss Vinnie Ream completed her daily half-hour session working on a clay model of President Abraham Lincoln.

She left the White House after bidding Mr. Lincoln good-bye, thanking him for his patience, and expressing the hope that he and Mrs. Lincoln would enjoy the play they were to see that evening at Ford's Theatre.

That was the last time 18-year-old Vinnie saw the President alive.

On the morning of that same day Robert Todd Lincoln, the President's eldest son, age 22 and serving in the Union Army, was ordered to report to Washington.

Elated at the prospect of seeing his parents, he arrived late in the evening to learn they were at Ford's Theatre. He hurried over, eager to join them.

His entrance to the lobby of the theatre was blocked by security guards as a group of excited men carried a long, limp body to a house directly across the street.

"Father!" Robert Todd Lincoln gasped.

He was in the room when his father, President Abraham Lincoln, died the following day.

In 1871 a life-size marble statue of Abraham Lincoln sculptured by Vinnie Ream was unveiled at the west entrance of the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington, D.C.

Ten years later, 1881, Robert Lincoln, now 38, and the only one of the four sons borne by Mrs. Lincoln to live to manhood, became

Secretary of War in President James Garfield's cabinet.

Four months after he took office President Garfield, about to depart on a tour of New England, was talking with friends in the waiting room of the railway station.

The President had sent a message to Robert Lincoln requesting that he accompany him. But urgent business and policy discussions made it impossible for his Secretary of War to comply.

Now, as departure time approached, and the milling crowds, anxious to see their president, grew larger, Lincoln was rushing to the station to inform his chief of the change in plans and to express his regrets pesonally.

He reached the depot just in time to see a group of men carrying out the President who had been shot by Charles Jules Guiteau.

Lincoln stumbled away, fists doubled. Already, the gaunt ritual was haunting him. The twentieth President of the United States died 48 days later, September 19, 1881.

Lincoln served as Secretary of War until 1885. Under President Benjamin Harrison, 1889-93, he became Minister to England.

In 1901, on May first, the Pan American Exposition opened at Buffalo, New York, President William McKinley was there on September sixth, as the guest of honor.

Lincoln was invited by the President to be part of his entourage. He hesitated, then as if he were being pulled by some unseen evil force, he reluctantly accepted. It was the first official invitation to appear in public he had received in twenty years. Also present in the crowd celebrating the President's arrival at the Exposition, but uninvited, was a 28-year-old American anarchist, Leon F. Gzolgosz. He sent two bullets into the body of President McKinley who died on September 14, 1901.

"I'm not fit company," mourned Lincoln. He felt that he should have been able to see things more clearly — and he reproached himself over and over again.

It is said that a caustic wit of the period caused something of a stir at a nightclub when, for a laugh, he quipped, "Above all, don't invite Robert Todd Lincoln to your wedding, or you're a dead duck."

However, the fact is that from that tragic day Robert Lincoln, plagued by memories of what had happened, refused to accept any and all presidential invitations. His self-imposed isolation through the administrations of five presidents, endured until he died at eighty-three in 1926. ■ ■

Trust That Hunch!

By Frank L. Remington

I HAVE a hunch!" Almost everyone has uttered those words when a sudden discernment about someone or something has entered his mind and when, more often than not, the insight proved to be accurate. After pondering a question, weighing its pros and cons, yet failing to arrive at a final decision, the individual has the answer pop into his consciousness sometime later, seemingly from nowhere. Probably he congratulated himself on some astute "guessing," while casually dismissing one of his most remarkable mental faculties: intuition.

In years past, many have regarded intuition as a mystical form of clairvoyance or as pure guessing, but today psychologists view intuition as an extremely important mental process which businessmen should cultivate in themselves and encourage in their employees. A while back psychologist Mason Haire, a consultant to some of the country's top businesses, stressed the value of hunches:

"The business organization which insists that all major decisions must be based on demonstrable facts and analytic judgment," he said, "has little chance of ever being right in a big and spectacular way."

As General Electric's Chief of Research, C. G. Suits, once declared, "Nearly all research laboratory dis-

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coveries come as hunches during a period of relaxation, after a period of intensive thinking and fact-gathering."

Just what are hunches? Hunches are based on intuition, and intuition comes from knowledge acquired through the years. Leading psychologists say intuition is an ordinary function of the human mind which can be developed and used. One savant explains it as "the power or faculty whereby an individual can know something without knowing how he knows it."

For the Well-Informed

Almost invariably, the person whose hunches are consistently correct is well-informed in the field to which he relates. A man guesses when he doesn't know the facts or understand the problem. Intuitive thinking, which fosters hunches, is based on a sound and thorough knowledge of the subject under consideration. When the American Chemical Society questioned 232 eminent researchers in chemistry, physics, mathematics and biology, a whopping eighty-three percent admitted to having intuitive hunches after continuous and vigorous application to a problem failed to produce satisfactory results. Henry Ford's revolutionary price and production theories were largely the product of his intuition. He wrote that these ideas seemed "self-evident" to him; yet, they were a radical surprise to his contemporaries. Many a business leader has found success by trusting his hunches.

How do great inventions come about? Does the inventor wishing to develop a better synthetic rubber lock himself in his laboratory with all the materials he believes may work and try combining them in all possible ways until he gets the proper combination? That would probably be the logical method. Unfortunately, however, the budding inventor who proceeds in this fashion will probably work until Doomsday without any tangible results.

No, it's generally a hunch that starts an inventor on his quest — an inward feeling that the solution lies in a certain direction or in a certain group of facts. In due course, perhaps after months or years of unsuccessful searching, another hunch or sudden inspiration, coming when he least expects it, solves the problem for him. As Dr. Willis R. Whitney, a noted inventor, puts it: "A man may think he reasons with cold logic. Actually, he reaches the solution through a hunch and works out the reasons afterwards."

It is a common misconception that some people possess a divine gift for accurate, sudden inspiration, bright ideas, or hunches. Women in particular are supposed to be endowed with a built-in crystal ball. Nothing could be further from the truth.

True, women have certain intuitions which are rare among men. There is an obvious reason for it. The distaff side's mental flashes usually concern areas which women normally monopolize. Men, for instance, listen primarily to what people say, while women tend to sense also what people are feeling. The

common experiences of most women have made them attentive to things many males disregard almost entirely.

Psychologists point out that the idea that hunches represent foreknowledge still persists and that this causes many people to confuse their feelings, emotions, and desires with real hunches. Individuals who suffer from unfounded fears lend substance to their anxieties by thinking their fears are hunches. Their error is understandable, for hunches are insights arrived at independently of conscious thinking — which makes it seem as though they spring mysteriously from nowhere.

Appear From Nowhere?

A hunch, of course, does *not* appear from nowhere. It is derived from past experiences and deals invariably with familiar things. At a race track, for example, you merely kid yourself that you have hunches as to which horse will win. A jockey, on the other hand, because he has grown up with horses and with racing, may have a true hunch.

If you have ever distrusted someone at first meeting "for no special reason" and later found that this initial judgment was sound, you can be fairly sure that your hunches about people are pretty accurate. For, after all, knowing people and appraising them is part of your experience in life.

The human brain, though it weighs only two-and-one-half pounds, stores incalculable amounts of information. The mind records and remembers everything that has ever happened to the individual: every experience, every thought, every smell, every taste, every fact, every word. The conscious mind can recall only about ten percent of this prodigious amount of data. The remaining ninety percent lies buried in the subconscious. Under proper conditions, the subconscious can recall things that the individual has long since forgotten and push them forward into consciousness.

Louis Pasteur once observed: "Intuition is given only to him who has undergone long preparation to receive it." Consequently, professional people become quite intuitive about their own line of work. A businessman, for example, thinks about his problems unconsciously. Often, when he's out walking, casting for fish, or playing bridge, his inner mind goes into action, choosing, classifying, and collating facts and figures from his buried library of experience and knowledge and coming up with an answer. The hunch that results in a new product or a cost-cutting suggestion is the offspring of this process.

When Thomas A. Edison faced a tough problem, he'd carefully review all the pertinent facts and then forget the entire matter for twenty-four hours. More often than not the solution would pop into his mind before the day had elapsed. Likewise, one successful businessman habitually drops into an easy chair in his office for half an hour each day and forgets his business concerns. As soon as he relaxes, ideas begin to pop into his head from his inner mind. It is this pursuit of

hunches that sets the highly successful person apart from the mediocre and unsuccessful one.

Cultivating Our Intuition

Each of us can do several things to develop his intuition. One of the most important is to broaden his interests to stimulate his mind. Reading good books, practicing the art of conversation, cultivating a large circle of friends are all helpful. Such activities can lead to valuable clues in unexpected fields and help to crystallize the shapeless thoughts lurking in the subconscious. The wider an individual's experience and the more open his mind, the better chance his intuition has to operate.

Relaxation is also of prime importance, for the intuition can't operate when the conscious mind is tied in knots or cluttered with worry and anxiety. One business executive discovered that his mind is more likely to be full of fresh ideas at the morning conference if he spends the evening before fiddling with his ship model instead of poring over the company's sales reports.

In his book, Robert D. Updegraff offers some excellent tips on the modus operandi of developing hunches. Sit yourself down with your problem, he advises. Get a pencil and sheet of paper. Write down all the details. If it involves a decision, write the arguments in favor on one side, the arguments against it on the other. Read what you've written — and then crumple the paper and throw it away. Sometime later, when you're relaxing, the correct decision will come to you.

Another way, says Mr. Updegraff, is to consider the problem until you are dog-tired and then, if no solution appears, forget the whole thing. Relax somewhere; play golf; go fishing; bowl. The answer will come.

The lives of successful people, the observations of psychologists and scientists, and the experiences of each individual furnish guideposts toward the fuller use of the subconscious. As a person learns to use his intuition, his hunches will become more numerous and accurate. Then, when it is incumbent upon him to make a decision, or solve a problem where his learning alone will not help him, he can trust his hunches and act upon them with calm assurance. His effectiveness will increase markedly.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Job 13:15; Mt. 16:13-17; Lk. 5:22ff., 24:32.

1. This author treats hunches as psychological phenomena. What, do you suppose, was the source of Peter's hunch about Jesus' true identity in Matt. 16:16?
2. What about hunches in religion, i.e. in devotional life, for example, in determining God's will for one's self? Is God the Holy Spirit the source of religious "intuition"?
3. What's the difference between a hunch and so-called "extrasensory perception"?

Such Is War

"Let it be a memory," I told myself.

By Molly Douglas

I COULD not have told you this story twenty years ago, not even ten. The horror of war was still too raw in the mind. Oddly, only the passage of time and the fading of memories make it now possible to recall all the details.

I was just seventeen when the war started. I can look back, remember myself, and smile at my long, fair hair drooping on one side a-la-Veronica Lake. I remember imagining myself to be mysterious, and with my pale face, rather tragic, yet only managing to look peaked, and probably rather uninteresting.

When the bombing started my father and brother were already fighting the war in Hong Kong and the Middle East, so there was only my mother, younger sister, and I in the old house in London.

At the wail of the siren we would hurry to the shelters. There must be something chameleon-like about our nature that makes us able to adapt so readily. The frequent air raids and persistant bombing very soon became a way of life. We accepted them as part of the situation. "C'est la guerre," we shrugged and thumbed our noses at the enemy.

Scampering to our shelters, we must have resembled burrowing animals, but we had learned to laugh at ourselves and achieved a remarkable comradeship, considering we were class-conscious English. A bomb's whine could make her Ladyship 'belly flop' as fast as her maid, and she knew all the songs.

"Roll Out the Barrel!" "We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line!" "Ma, I Miss Your Apple

Pie" — we knew them all and sang them loudly and bravely to drown out the barrage and lift our flagging spirits.

We coined phrases to fit our days — and nights. "Thought my name was on that one!" and "that was a close one!" when the rafters shook and plaster fell from the ceiling. We awoke to find familiar landmarks heaps of rubble and the corner store a mere table of salvaged wares, with a "Business as Usual" sign up, while the shop still smoked from the bomb.

I had just finished school when the bombing started, and I had applied to train as a nurse, so my sister's death had nothing to do with my desire to alleviate suffering. That's the absurd part of war, the wickedness of it. We proudly mark up how many we killed each day, not considering whether they were old men, women or children.

My sister Kathy was ten years old and old-wise in her war talk. She knew how to put out incendiaries and knew if the aircraft were ours. She knew that a clear night meant a long time out of bed and that a London fog was a protecting blanket. She could make her sweet ration last, or squander it on her favorite Turkish delight. She never minded fat in place of butter, flavored turnips for jam, and meat made of nuts.

While the schools were still open she would come home and tell us who wasn't at school. "Wilsons got theirs last night," she would tell us. "The house is down." Then she would ponder in her old-fashioned way and ask, "Why do they kill kids, mum?"

Kathy was right. The innocent went first, then the daring, with too much lust for life. They were easy prey for "jerry's" bombs, while the black marketeers capitalized and sent their families to safe countries.

THE night we were bombed we were taking shelter under the stairs. My mother, I think, found the familiar stolidness of the old house a more comforting refuge than the shelters. "People were sometimes buried alive in shelters," she said, "and the solid oak stairs would protect us, unless it was a direct hit, then it would be quick and over with." It was also a time of trying to outwit the bomb, to play Russian roulette with death from the sky.

I remember the cupboard under the stairs. It was dark and awkward, smelling of umbrellas, not quite dry, and of dad's mackintosh.

We must have made a bizzare scene, with the picnic basket and a blanket each. The flashlight and the flask, a book, and mother's eternal khaki knitting. We also took the radio, and listened to Lord Haw Haw, (as moths drawn to a flame) as he tried to undermine our morale. "The gall of him," we would say and laugh, but we felt guilty for listening.

That night Kathy had a sore throat, and she begged to "just run to the kitchen for a glass of water." There was a lull. The raid was over, they were going away. We let her go. I told her to hurry. Why didn't

I go? Why didn't we take water with us? Those were the thoughts we were left with, left aching with.

The explosion was so sudden, we were left mute and trembling in shock. We could hear the rumble of brick and the splinter of wood. The house was coming down on top of us. We were being buried alive, just as my mother had feared.

We stayed under the blankets keeping the dust from choking us. We shrunk down into them in fetal obeisance, waiting for death now, not birth. We waited and perhaps prayed and were sad for all we wouldn't know.

Yet, the wardens arrived. The flat-footed, tissue-scarred rejects from military service, who dug people out of bombed buildings and put out incendiaries and took great risks with their lives — in their own way "Doing their bit," they would say.

They called, "Anyone there?" and we called back as loudly as we could muster, thanking God for them and listening as they cleared away the rubble and reassured us, with their voices calling, "Soon be there, hang on!" Then there was a hole for us to crawl out of, and we could see stars where the ceiling used to be.

It took longer to find Kathy's body, and we dug along with the firemen and air raid wardens. They had to pull my mother away by force when the blue of her siren suit could be seen.

IT WAS the closing of a door, or the turning of a page. We had to start again — a new chapter; we had to go on. My mother, suddenly old looking and broken, went to live in the country. I went to a nursing school in the southwest of England.

Trained nurses were overseas or where they were needed the most, so there was a pathetic shortage of staff in the hospitals. If you could bandage a finger or tie a sling, you were soon working on the wards. As a probationer I was cramming in lectures and studies between ward duty and being O.R. scrub nurse. If ever there was a time for learning by doing, that was the time.

For the last year of my training I was sent to a German prisoner-of-war camp "somewhere in England" where our letters were censored, and we were closely watched.

Nursing was under the stern eye of a Sister-In-Charge. She was one of the "old school" nurses. Despite the war, she expected the nurses under her command to guard their morals as sacred vessels. Impropriety, as she fiercely called our mild flirtations and tender looks, was forbidden. But we were children of the war, we were young, and life was a nebulous thread easily lost from our grasp. There were soldiers and civilians dying every day, and no one could be sure of tomorrow.

The German soldiers we nursed were no different from our own young men. They were not the enemy ogre; they were brave and cheerful boys who had been injured, some critically, and many were suffering.

FREDRICK was nineteen. His foot had been amputated, and the stump was painful and for a

while gangrenous. How can you be stern and forbidding when you are young and vulnerable, tenderly caring for men who are as helpless as children? We bathed them, changed their beds, and tended their wounds, and we found tears coming to our own eyes when we saw men cry because they could not endure the pain anymore.

Fredrick spoke English, and his family sounded just like mine. His brother was in the Air Force. He might have dropped the bomb on Kathy. My brother might have killed Fredrick's father at the battle of Tunis. We weren't sure anymore about anything.

When his wounds were healing he was able to sit out of bed, and I was at every turn of his recovery. I pushed him in a wheelchair into the sunlight, and took him down the flagstoned path of an English garden. I encouraged him with his crutches, and I helped him with his new foot.

We talked about our growing up and about the future we hoped to have. He told me about his training in electronics and how he hoped to have his own shop one day. We talked under an ivy-covered arbor where benches were put for soldiers to rest. I can remember it now, the rose bushes and lavender hedge, and a thrush that sang through it all.

We talked about ourselves and the cruelty of war that made the killing of each other legal. It was there we fell in love and vowed to marry, to go away and start a new life when the war was over.

When Fredrick could walk again and was well, we met again by the arbor. I was seen and reported. They said I had openly consorted with a German prisoner-of-war. In fact, I had been fraternizing, and it being wartime, my crime was severe.

I was sent before the Matron and Doctor in charge, who perceiving that my crime was only of the heart, suggested that I should be sent away, and so they sent me to a hospital in the north of England, on the border of Scotland. There I could finish my training and be away from such temptations.

I FOUND the north cold and bleak. Yet, there I developed a strong back from working under stress, strong legs from climbing the Northumberland hills, and a skeptical mind from wondering where Fredrick was, and if I would ever see him again.

When I graduated, I looked for a hospital of my own choosing, and I chose Edinburgh, for in the north I had also discovered strength and character in the sinewy dour Scot.

In a fine old hospital there I was never known to climb in through windows after hours or flirt with the interns. I believe they considered me rather prim and a "bit of an old maid" when I was promoted to Sister-In-Charge, Permanent Staff, immovable as the furniture.

I surprised everyone, including myself, when I met Jimmy and fell in love. We were married six months later and left for Canada. In a small Ontario town we soon settled down. Jimmy is an accountant for a thriving industry there, and we have

three fine, healthy children.

NOW there my story could end, a story of the past. There it would have stayed (for war is not recalled easily, or happily and is best left in the shadows), but for a radio my husband asked me to collect.

"Where is it being repaired?" I asked.

"At Mann's. On Main Street," he told me.

"Oh yes. The new Radio and T.V. Repair store."

"Yes. He is the fellow running for councillor. He had the slogan 'Fred's the Mann for the Job!' He was in England during the war. He got his artificial foot there."

"Yes. The School Trustee. Has a slight German accent."

"That's right. He was a prisoner-of-war in England."

Fredrick, who wanted his own shop one day, who wanted to start a new life one day, he said — with me.

Was it too coincidental? Was it the same Fredrick? I hesitated at the door of the Radio and T.V. Repair store. I was afraid to know, afraid to meet face to face with the past, yet hopeful that it would be he, and that he would remember me after all these years.

A boy, an assistant, stood behind the counter. Full of subterfuge I asked for Mr. Mann. I wanted to know what was wrong with the set. Should we get a new one?

The boy disappeared, and my heart thumped with anticipation. Soon, a tall, gray-haired man came from the workshop behind.

The intense blue eyes looked straight at me. He limped slightly, smiled politely, and told me what was wrong with our radio, but I didn't hear him. I was seeing again the scar I had so tenderly bandaged and was noticing how time had aged him.

I wanted to remind him. I wanted him to remember me, and the arbor, and the promises, but he only took my money and gave me my change and the radio.

Slowly, I turned away and walked out of the store, clumsily carrying my radio. I was a foolish, middle-aged woman clinging to a memory. "Let it be a memory," I told myself. "Lock it away forever. But we shall vote for him. He is said to be a conscientious man. I think he is, and we are not at war now. Now I can fraternize, can't I?"

■ ■

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy

"It is a sacred opera."

The *Elijah:* Mendelssohn's Masterpiece

By Haydn Lewis Gilmore

IF the best-known oratorio is Handel's *Messiah,* then surely number two is The *Elijah* by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy (1809-1847).

Two of the most beloved single pieces in all the realm of sacred music are the chorus, "He, Watching Over Israel," and the aria, "O Rest in the Lord," from *The Elijah.* These pieces alone fit a universal need of the human heart at weddings, funerals and during periods of worship, times of crisis and poignancy.

The forty-three pieces in the complete score of *Elijah* form an intensely dramatic work dealing, of course, with the Biblical account of Elijah's life (1 Kings 17, 18; 2 Kings 1, 2.)

The *Elijah* was composed when Mendelssohn was at the height of his power and two years before his death in 1847, at thirty-eight years of age.

Influenced by Bach and Handel

In his brief but remarkable life Mendelssohn wrote musical wonders, including the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a violin concerto, and four symphonies. Felix was also concert director and a founder of the Leipzig Conservatory. It was at Leipzig (J. S. Bach's home for the last twenty-seven years of his life) that Men-

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delssohn made a spectacular contribution to music for all time. At Leipzig he uncovered Bach's St. Matthew's Passion.

Bach's great work had lain dormant, unplayed since its unsuccessful premiere in 1729. Mendelssohn conducted Bach's *St. Matthew's Passion* in Berlin on March 11, 1829 (one-hundred years from its first performance to the day)! Thus began the mighty revival of Bach, which has continued into our day.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was influenced by the music of both Handel and Bach. Bach and Handel were both born in the same year — A.D. 1685. Felix Mendelssohn was born exactly 50 years after Handel died, and 59 years after Bach.

An Immediate Success

With this background we may turn to The *Elijah*. Mendelssohn had been commissioned to compose an oratorio for the Birmingham Music Festival in England. The lyrics of *Elijah* were in English, following the tradition of Handel, although Mendelssohn himself, like Handel, was German. The oratorio was completed only eight days before its premiere. The participants rehearsed for five days in London, and then took a train to Birmingham for the first performance, August 26, 1846. The *Elijah* was an instantaneous success; the audience demanded eight encores of arias and choruses.

A revised version of *The Elijah* was presented in London on April 16, 1847. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert attended; the prince-consort wrote: "The Great Master makes us conscious of the unity of his conception from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements." The estimate was valid, because The *Elijah* has remained a towering dramatic oratorio in the music of England and the world.

It was not played on continental Europe until October 9, 1847, in Hamburg, Germany. On November 14, 1847 a later performance in Vienna was a concert tribute to the composer who had died suddenly ten days previously. There were 1000 participants in that memorial concert. *Elijah* has been resounding with the truth of God's faithfulness and power ever since.

Mendelssohn's Jewish father had embraced the Christian faith as a Lutheran and had changed his name to Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Felix had strong beliefs; one of his most spirited works, based on Luther's "Mighty Fortress" melody, is the "Reformation" Symphony. And, of course, in *Elijah*, both from Jewish forebears and his own Christianity, Mendelssohn shows his understanding of the Biblical faith.

Begins Plaintively

The *Elijah* begins plaintively with Elijah's pronouncement that it shall not rain or dew for three years (1 Kings 17:1). This is followed by an overture (with parts not unlike the "Italian" symphony). Part I also deals with the dramatic encounter of Elijah with the prophets of Baal on Mt. Carmel and his surpassing victory (1 Kings 18:17-40). And Part I ends with the coming of the drought-breaking cloud and the tri-

umphant refrain: "Thanks be to God who laveth the thirsty land" (1 Kings 18:41-6).

Elijah contains the only passage in all classical sacred music where the audience may laugh in full keeping with the rich humor in Holy Writ. Elton Trueblood has explored the Bible's humor in his *The Humor of Christ* (Harper & Row, N.Y., 1964). After a pleading chorus echoes "Hear our cry, O Baal!," Elijah returns a recitative, "Call him louder!" (1 Kings 18:27). Perceptive audiences over the decades have laughed at this point in the oratorio.

On the other hand, Part II is a bit more general in nature and replete with gentle comfort and strong hope. The two specific portions deal with the threat of Jezebel against Elijah's life and subsequent events in the desert, as well as Elijah's chariot ride to heaven (1 Kings 19: 2; 2 Kings 2:11) The prophet's sense of desolation at being in exile (1 Kings 4:19 ff) is extreme and full of self-pity.

Once, when Kurt Thomas, the 27th Cantor after Bach in the famous Leipzig Thomas Kirche, was rehearsing this section of the oratorio, he reportedly told the choir to picture Elijah going out alone, across the desert, on an ass. Then Thomas felt that he hadn't made the image quite clear. "No, don't just see Elijah going out across the desert on an ass," he said, "see Elijah going out across the desert on an ass, and the ass is limping!"

In the desert God meets his servant with overwhelming power in a still small voice. Elijah is told that "God never slumbers nor sleeps"; and, therefore, to those who languish in grief, "He will quicken thee" (1 Kings 19:11-13).

One of the high points of Part II comes after the still, small voice . . . "onward came the Lord." This was God's call to Elijah to get up and go onward . . . onward. Indeed he does, for (at least in Part II) Elijah is taken up by a "whirlwind" to heaven, and Mendelssohn leaves no doubt, in this tumultuously difficult passage, that Elijah did not go to heaven on a downy couch, but in a *whirlwind.* The prophet was raptured up to heaven with all of the might and majesty with which he had lived in God's Spirit. When the chorus "sings Elijah to heaven," to use the phrase of a conductor, there is no doubt that he is *there!*

And then after a brief invitation — a commendable aspect of any Christian work of art — ("O come everyone that thirsteth"), the strong conclusion heralds out: "And then shall your light break forth." This is a rolling, certain, hopeful note that seldom has been sounded in music of any kind. All nations shall sing: "Lord, our Creator, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth." Here as elsewhere the lyrics of the prophets and Psalmists are used effectively, as in: "Blessed are the men who trust him."

But any piece of music is valueless unless one develops a personal relationship to it. Both performers and audience can experience "an act of artistic creation," when a work is played or sung.

Has a Personal Significance

For me, The *Elijah* has an enormous personal value, which makes, in fact, all the difference, and which I would like to explain. My Welsh father was born during a performance of Haydn's *Creation*. "Grandpap" John was a famous, robust tenor in Wales, called "The Nightingale of Wales," who once sang a command performance before the King and Queen of England. When father was named, John had just come from singing the Ariel part in the *Creation*. When asked about his son's name, he replied in laconic Welsh: "Call him 'Haydn.'"

Actually, this is a common name in Wales.

Thus named, my father, though possessing only a faint shadow of *his* father's voice, sang in oratorios all his life. Now in his seventies, father was quite pleased last year to learn that I was singing in the chorus of The *Elijah*. Nothing could have pleased a Welsh-born father more. And I practiced so hard that one morning, to my dismay, I woke up singing, "Baal, we cry to thee."

One night my father and I listened to records together, and he explained to me various aspects of the work and how to sing, for it had been years since I had sung by my father's side in choral groups. "It is," he began, "a sacred opera."

Those were my last hours on earth with my father, as he died in the faith, suddenly, a week later. That spring I sang first tenor in his honor, in such a way beyond myself, outside of myself, that I was recommended to sing, on the following night at the First Baptist Church of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in Mozart's "Gloria." During the singing of The *Elijah*, as we "sang Elijah to heaven," I caught a glimpse of all believers, who are brought into the presence of God, as Elijah was, and receive their own infusion of power and glory.

The last verse of the Hebrew Bible says, "Behold I will send you Elijah" (Malachi 4:5). John the Baptist was a latter-day Elijah. Elijah indeed appeared at the Mount of Transfiguration; some thought that Jesus called for Elijah when he was on the cross; Elijah is recalled in the last book of the Bible (Rev. 11:5-6). As history moves on and the coming of Jesus the Messiah approaches, with Elijah, a prince, near at hand, we also can sing Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with progressive appreciation. For the God of Elijah lives!

Discussion Helps

Biblical References: Mal. 4:5; Mk. 6:15; Lk. 8:19; Matt. 17:23, 27:47.

1. If possible, obtain a recording of The *Elijah* and play it.
2. Trace the Biblical sources of its lyrics.
3. What references to Elijah are there in the New Testament? Compare Elijah and John the Baptist.
4. What lessons does Elijah offer us today? Was Mendelssohn's regard for him justified?

Servicemen honored in our postage stamps.

Those Little Gummed Posters

By Josephine C. Walker

TWO eight cent stamps and one airmail, please." Most of us buy postage stamps and mail letters with scarcely a glance at the stamps. They're just a small necessary commodity, costing a few cents, which we tear off and place on envelopes. Someone once called them "little gummed posters." In truth, stamps provide a historic record of America, its famous men, great events, natural wonders. The military has had special emphasis. Every war in which the United States has fought has been featured on stamps, as well as each branch of the service, unusual heroism and memorable military events. The story of soldiers, sailors and marines is depicted on stamps over a span of more than fifty years.

One of the first such stamps was issued as far back as 1919. It was a victory stamp in commemoration of the winning of World War I. It depicted "Liberty" grasping a sword in her right hand, its point resting on the ground as if its active days are over, the left hand holding a balance scale representing justice. In ensuing years there have been many stamps featuring military themes.

Each of America's earlier wars had its special stamps. The most famous one perhaps, on the Revolutionary War, was that issued in 1928 — the Valley Forge stamp showing George Washington at prayer while his men were encamped during bitter winter cold at Valley Forge. In 1965 the War of 1812 was recalled with a "Battle of New Orleans" commemorative, depicting General An-

drew Jackson leading his troops. During the 100th anniversary years of the Civil War, a series of five stamps was issued: Fort Sumter, South Carolina; Shiloh (where 1700 men were killed); the Battle of Gettsyburg, (which proved a decisive victory for the Union forces) picturing a confrontation between a Confederate and Union soldier; the Battle of the Wilderness; and, finally, Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

One of the most poignant war stamps ever issued came in 1949. It was a Grand Army of the Republic stamp, commemorating the 83rd and final encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Where once 490,000 men had met, in 1949 only 17 gathered. The stamp pictured a grizzled war veteran in 1949 and behind him, the strong soldier he was in his youth. In the upper corner of the stamp was an hour glass showing that the sands of time had almost run out.

DURING 1936-1937 the Armed Forces were given special attention on our postage stamps. Ten separate stamps were issued, five honoring the Army and its great soldiers; and five paying tribute to the Navy and its heroes.

The Army group featured George Washington and Nathaniel Green (the Revolution), Andrew Jackson and Winfield Scott (the War of 1812), and two leaders in the Civil War. The last stamp pictured the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, with the words of its motto, "Duty . . Honor . . Country."

The Navy series also featured one stamp from the Revolutionary War, one from the War of 1812, one each from the Civil War and the Spanish American War, and as in the Army series, the last honored the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

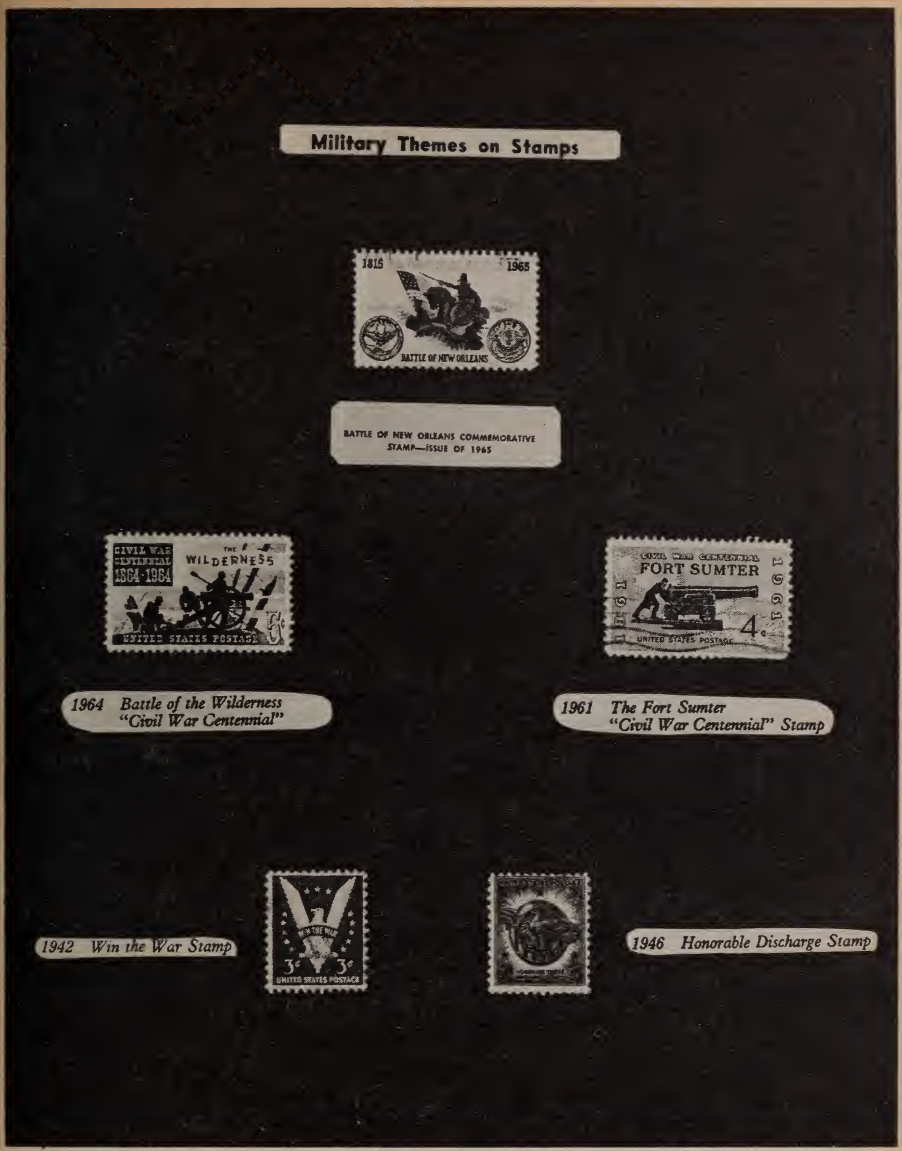
Ten years later it happened again. The Armed Forces series of stamps issued 1945-1946 honored each branch of the service with a separate stamp. Probably the most famous of these was the Marine Corps issue, showing Marines scaling the mountain on the island of Iwo Jima and, after bitter fighting, raising the flag on its summit. The dark olive color of the stamp was intended to duplicate the hue of the Marine uniform.

The Army stamp in the series depicted a vast procession of troops marching under the Arc de Triumph in Paris, with an escort of bombers overhead.

The Coast Guard, which took part in every water-borne invasion of World War II and rescued 1500 men during the Normandy invasion, was honored in the series with a stamp showing a Coast Guard ship in action in choppy seas.

The Navy stamp pictured a group of seamen in an informal moment, all in summer uniforms. It was drawn from an official Navy photo taken at the Corpus Christie Naval Air Station, Texas.

IN 1955 five branches of the service appeared on one stamp. The Armed Forces Reserve stamp, issued on Armed Forces Day, pictured five enlisted men, each resplendent in the uniform of the service he



represented.

In 1943 during World War II, a group of men gave their lives in an unforgettable act. After their ship had been torpedoed, four heroic chaplains helped to get the men over the side. At the end, as the stern went down and the freighter

was about to go under, they gave their life jackets to four other men that they might live. The chaplains then linked arms and went down with their freighter, the *Dorchester*. Years later in 1948, the Four Chaplains stamp was issued, depicting the sinking and having above it likenesses of the four men with the words "These Immortal Chaplains — Interfaith in Action."

World War II ended in September, 1945, and of course each member of the Armed Forces received his Honorable Discharge emblem, issued in recognition of his services. A year later the famous "Ruptured Duck" was commemorated on a stamp with five stars in honor of the dead of the five services, and bearing the words "Honoring Those Who Have Served."

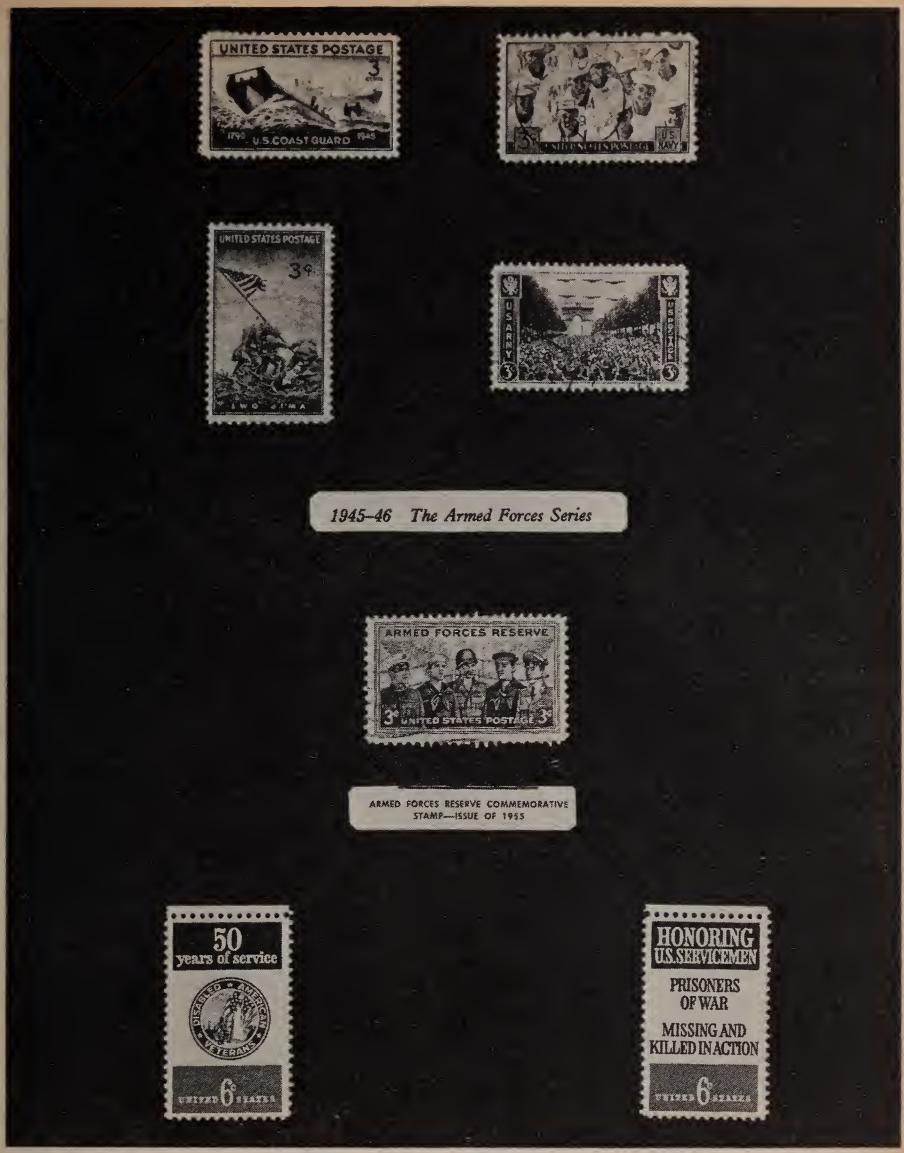
Even before the United States had a national army — in fact, even before there was a United States, there was a National Guard. A unit of military was on call as early as 1636. Today the Guard is on standby duty in both peace and war. In February, 1953 a stamp was issued honoring the National Guard of the United States and its contributions to our country.

Some of the other services appearing on stamps were Women in the Armed Services, 1952; Air Force Commemorative for the 5th anniversary of the U.S. Air Force as part of the national defense system, 1957; and, in 1970, two special groups of stamps: one "Honoring Prisoners of War" and another "Disabled American Veterans" (50th anniversary).

FAMOUS generals have had their own stamps, too. In 1953 a likeness of General Patton, "Old Blood and Guts," was issued. On either side of his portrait is a Patton tank in action, in tribute not only to the men in the tanks, but also to Patton's skill in mechanical warfare.

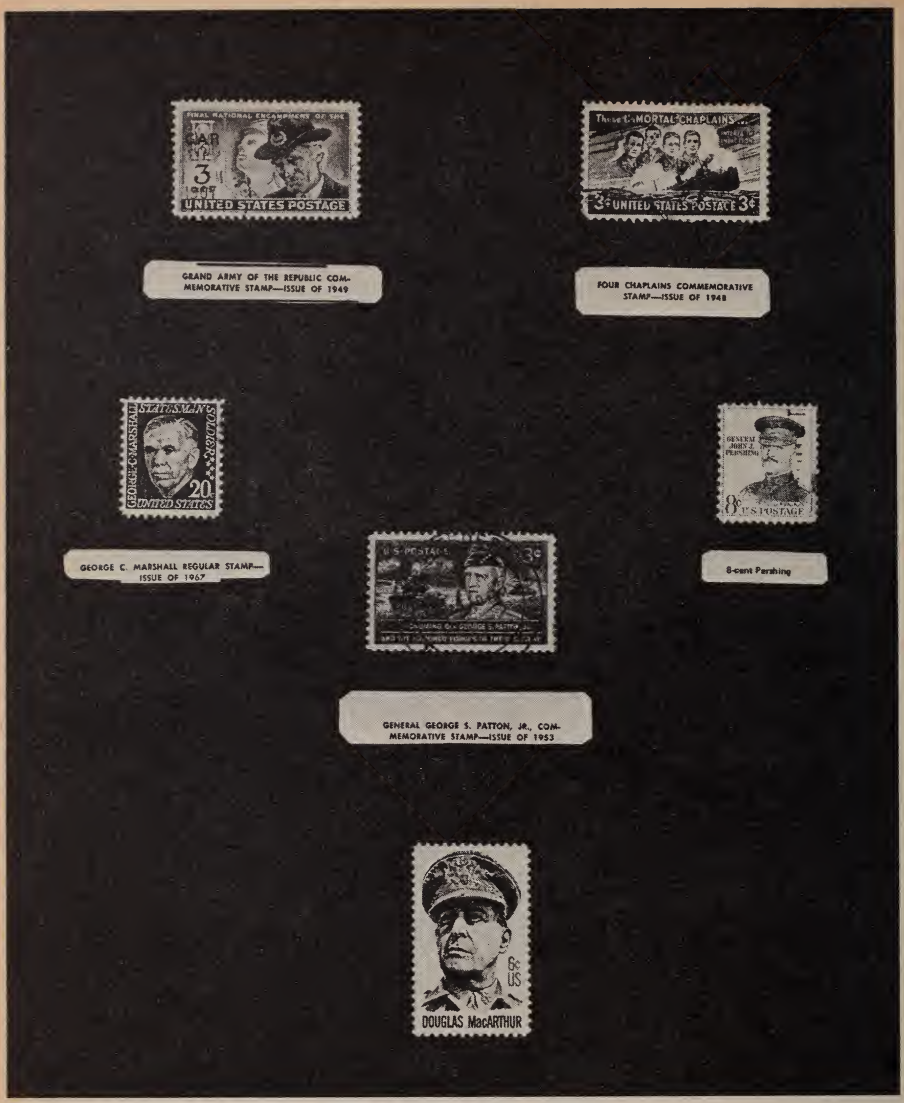
In 1961, General John J. Pershing was remembered on a stamp and then in 1967 General George C. Marshall. Most recently, in 1971, the Douglas MacArthur issue appeared. At the time of its issuance, a philatelic magazine printed what it termed "a fitting memorial in connection with the new United States stamp issued to honor General MacArthur." It was "A Father's Prayer" written by MacArthur which said in part "Build me a son, Oh Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid, and one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat and humble and gentle in victory."

In 1940 German forces swept through Europe; country after country was crumbling. In October of that year a series of three stamps was issued to call public attention to the threat to the nation's security and the necessity for developing national defense. The three stamps were The Statue of Liberty, an antiaircraft gun, and the uplifted torch. These stamps had special meaning, too, because Franklin D. Roosevelt himself sketched the designs of the stamps. Two years later, in 1942, a stamp was issued to replace the uplifted torch and to symbolize the nation's war effort. The design was



an American eagle with its wings outstretched in the form of a "V."

One writer has commented "I discovered that each American commemorative stamp is a small colorful window to our nation's past." In a recent philatelic publication a collector of "military themes on



stamps" lists more than two hundred stamps issued on his favorite subject. They tell the story of American servicemen, from Revolutionary War days to the present. If it were possible to see them all together, the entire military history of America would be spread before one. Every war, epic battles, great acts of heroism, famous military men — all are depicted on those "little gummed posters" called stamps. ■ ■

The Time of the Singing of Birds

"Better not go home like that!"

By Rhoda Elizabeth Playfair

THERE was sun on the river and on the bridge and on the roof of St. Michael's which was described in the directory as "a home away from home for the aged and infirm." Sun richocheted against the picket fence and off the patio into the hyacinth and crocus beds along the south wall of the summer house. And sun and April winds had melted snow clear down to the Dakotas so the river flowed free.

Most of the patients at St. Michael's couldn't walk but Mr. Mathews was on crutches and could sit out when the weather was nice. He was sitting out now in a sheltered spot on the patio overlooking the terraced part of the garden that bordered on the river, and he was watching two boys.

The boys had climbed off the bridge and slid down the embankment to a spot just beyond the fence that marked St. Michael's property. They were young, maybe twelve, he judged, engrossed with stones and mud and spring and it was doubtful if they so much as noticed Mr. Mathews who had leaned his crutches against the arm of his chair and turned his head to catch what they were saying.

"Come on."

"The water's kinda high."

"So? Underneath the bridge the stones are looser."

"Ya wanna bet that I can hit the other side?"

"How much?"

"How much ya got?"

"Fi' cents."

"Okay. Fi' cents."

They disappeared beneath the

bridge and Mr. Mathews closed his eyes and leaned back in the sun.

HE'D always loved the sun. In spring especially, when it would grow in strength and melt the river ice, and logs would come down stream and bring the mill to life again. The logs were cut up river, miles beyond the mill, where lumber camps and shanties housed the men who did the cutting. They lived in them all winter. Lumberjacks. He was too young to go himself, and so he liked spring best when logs and men came out together.

That was the time they called "Spring drive." His brothers told him how it was. Told him so often in that springtime of his years, he felt he *knew,* knew how an axe felt naked in his hands. Knew how a pine went down with dignity, unbeaten. Knew how the logs felt underneath your boots with the long drive begun and log jams grinding motion to a halt until the lumberjacks could free them. Free them and drive them on! On through the forest, down the long spring miles, the spring thaw on the land, abundant life returning in the wake of winter's thirst. All this he knew as part of the marrow of his bones.

The mill had been his great-grandfather's. For more than eighty winters it had stood beside the river, awaiting spring. The mill, the millpond, boom and dam, the old stone house where Aunt Kristina lived, his own house on the rocky road that led to town, the sleeping house for mill hands set well back among the

cedars, all were the trustees of his youth.

The boom was slippery. He was *on no account* to cross the boom.

He stood out on the pier and eyed the boom with speculation. Beneath his feet was water. Water moving toward the dam. It looked dark, even in the sun.

But he could swim. His mother said he's learned to swim as soon as he could walk.

The lumberyard was just across the river, by the mill. You could play hide-and-seek or Indians between the lumber piles.

Why should he always have to cross the bridge? Roddy was only two years older. *He* could cross the boom.

The sun was hot. He opened up his jacket.

"Hey! When ya comin' over?"

That was Roddy by the millpond on the other side.

"I'm comin'."

"Well then—hurry up!"

"I said I'm comin'."

"Watcha lookin' at?"

What was he looking at? Water. Logs trapped beyond the boom until they could be drawn into the mill for cutting. The river racing for the bridge on down beyond the house . . .

It took too long to reach the bridge. The men crossed on the boom in seconds.

"Get goin' eh? I'll meetcha in the yard."

To reach the lumberyard, he'd have to run down to the bridge, across, and back toward the mill. Roddy just had to walk behind the mill and he was there.

"*Start* willya? We ain't got all day."

"I'll be there right away."

"Yeah? How do you figure that?"

"I'll be there in — he measured out the boom and finished recklessly — "three minutes!"

"Three minutes! Ha! You wanna make a bet?"

"Sure."

"Five cents says you won't!"

"You got yourself a bet!"

HE leaped down from the pier and landed running toward the boom. It stretched benignly, waiting. The trick was balance. Start — and keep on going.

"Hey! You can't cross the boom!"

"Who says I can't?"

His feet were on it now.

"Dad says! Go back! You're not supposed to cross — "

"I'm crossing, ain't I?"

One foot, then the next. He'd gone one third the way before he faltered.

The boom was suddenly a cobra underbeath his feet. It undulated. Writhed. It glistened in the sun and beckoned mockingly.

He could hear Roddy. Roddy pushing panic.

"Be careful, Willy! Don't look down. Keep coming. *Don't look down.*"

He couldn't help himself. The logs that filled the millpond, nuzzling the boom, were crocodiles awaiting him. The water on the other side was clear, but from his terrifying vantage point he was aware how surely it was sweeping toward

the dam.

"Willy! Don't stop!"

He gasped. Roddy was right. There was no stopping. And no turning back. He spread his arms and made a forward motion . . .

Balance. Careful now. The boom was glass. What if —

"Keep comin' Will! Keep comin'!"

There! He'd somehow reached half way.

"I'll go for dad!"

"No! Don't go Roddy. Stay!"

The water was so *dark*.

There was more movement out toward the middle. The logs nudged one another restlessly and jabbed against the confines of the boom.

His foot slipped. Like a jungle cat he regained balance, danger sharpening his wits.

"Don't lean toward the dam! Lean toward the pond!"

"The logs — "

He couldn't finish. Rod would understand. The logs could break a skull, a back, a neck. A guy could fall beneath the logs and not come up, not once. A guy could—

"*Watch it, eh?*"

He gulped for air. The boom was still there. Still beneath his feet!

"That's it. Come on!"

He'd meant to hang on somehow and not let Roddy know he was afraid but it was too late for all that now. If he went over the dam side he was going to be a goner because he knew, suddenly, he couldn't swim *that* well.

He slipped again.

He fought to right himself. He could see Roddy running, running, and from some distant place he could hear Roddy's voice.

"Grab on, Will. Quick. I'll help ya. Here. Grab on!"

He got his balance, but he knew, this time, it was a desperate, last-chance thing.

He could see Roddy better now. So close! And Roddy had a cedar branch. He'd moved out on the boom a foot or two himself and with the branch pushed out in front —

"If you can grab on, Willy — just grab on!"

"I can't. It's too far. Roddy — I just can't!"

"Ya gotta! Now come *on!*"

"Alright. I'll try."

He had to. *Had* to, somehow. Rod was waiting there.

"That's it. That's it. Come on! I can't go any further just in case — "

His left foot missed. He threw his body forward, toward Roddy, toward the branch, and in the fraction of a second that it took to hit the water, he grabbed on.

He was conscious of three things.

There was no breath in him — none at all. He was still holding the branch. And Roddy, still holding the other end, was in the water with him.

"Just don't let go. You hear me, Willy? *Don't let go!*"

He tried to speak. Steel tightened round his chest where the iced cables of the water gripped and held him.

"I'm touching bottom, Willy. Just hang on. *Hang on.* I'm touching bottom. I can get us out — "

He couldn't seem to talk but he was hanging on, and feeling Roddy pull. He could see Roddy too, and

he was at the bank and — He was out! Roddy was *out* and hauling on the branch and yelling, "Willy! Put you feet down. Where's your hand? Quick! There. Oh, darn it all! You didn't have to knock us over!"

They lay, safe, mud and sawdust underneath and up above, free air. From earth to heaven, all that you could breathe, and sun, and wind, and something solid — *solid* — into which to kick your heels.

He turned his head and looked at Roddy. Mud was on his face. Mud on his hands, and on his clothes, and blood mixed in from scratches from the cedar branch, and wood chips in his hair.

"Gosh you're a sight!" Rod said.

"You too!"

"If you could see yourself — "

"Just wait'll mum sees *you*."

"What'll we tell her?"

"She'll find out the truth."

"Not if we don't tell dad."

He raised himself and looked at Roddy carefully.

"You mean — you wouldn't tell?"

"Why should I tell?"

"Because we'll both get licked for messing up our clothes — and if you told, you wouldn't."

"Yeah."

Rod knew that he was right.

"But if we could get down to Aunt Kristina's . . ."

"Yeah! Aunt Kris would never tell! She'd help us get cleaned up — "

"Come *on*. Before somebody sees us."

They started running. Past the mill and through the lumberyard. They ran like jack rabbits, like deer, like kangaroos. Across the bridge and down the road and safely past the house. They started laughing then. They laughed so hard they couldn't keep on running for there wasn't breath for both.

"Hey Willy."

"Yeah?"

"How long you think ya took to get across?"

"Heck, I don't know.

"More'n three minutes?"

"I guess so."

"So where's your nickel then? Ya lost the bet!"

"I got one. In my Sunday pants."

"Oh sure!"

"I have!"

"You better have!"

"Come *on*."

And they were running, on through cedar, swift past hemlock, drunk with pine . . .

HE heard a shout. The boys were still beneath the bridge and out of sight but he could hear their voices and the sound bounced hollowly against the cold concrete.

"Of all the sloppy — "

"Yeah? You had to go and push!"

"I did not push. *I did not push.* You grabbed me — "

"So? My foot slipped."

"Let's get outa here."

"What'll we do?"

"I don't know. Gosh, it's cold!"

They came in sight. Sun slanted in their eyes and made them squint and outlined their wet clothes. He watched them climb across the stones, agile as goats and shivering. They would have detoured past the summer house and reached the stair-

way to the bridge had he not hollered.

"Better not go home like that."

They paused to eye him, looked at one another, shrugged, and started on again.

"You better dry out first."

They paused once more.

"Yeah? How?"

He stood up carefully and got his crutches underneath his arms. The boys watched, waiting, while he made his way across the patio.

"Come on down."

Swift as thought they came.

"See that end window?"

"Yeah."

"That's mine. I'm going in there now and get two dressing gowns. I'll drop them out the window. You be underneath."

Four dark eyes searched his face.

"But — "

" 'But' can wait. It's twenty after three. At half-past, everyone has tea and there'll be no one in the laundry room for pretty near an hour. It's in the back door, downstairs to the left."

He looked at them. The shorter one was blue around the lips and shaky.

"You think that you can work the dryer?"

"Sure."

"Well, then — "

He made his way toward the door and suddenly the taller boy was there and opening it.

"Gee mister — thanks. I mean — mum would be really sore —"

He balanced one crutch on the door step, slowly eased himself inside. Sun pooled across their feet and spring, from somewhere up the river, brushed their nostrils while a blithe bird sang.

"Forget it!" Willy Mathews said, and time was momentarily one piece. ■ ■

THE LORD IS RISEN! THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!
O COME, LET US ADORE HIM!

PLEASE,

Don't Call Me

"Reverend"!

By Gary Bousman

IT is hard to understand why some people behave so unnaturally around a minister, priest, or rabbi. They change character the minute they discover a clergyman. The conversation is never quite the same.

You may hear a story about a great uncle (once or twice removed) who was a Methodist preacher. "Or was he a Baptist? Anyway, he was some kind of a preacher." You may be favored with a lengthy explanation as to why the person you just met does not go to church. "After all, *Reverend*, I get awfully close to God on the golf course." Or, "I live by the Golden Rule, and that's my religion." You may even hear some rather authoritative pronouncements on religion and morals.

Sometimes the minister can suddenly become a very delicate creature. The man who was a total stranger only a few minutes ago suddenly becomes your solicitous valet. "Reverend, why don't you take my chair? It's more comfortable." I once had a man take hold of my elbow and help me off a train. While these well meaning laymen may not be truly representative, there are enough of them to warrant the assertion that a gap often exists between the personality of the minister and the image many have of him. It is hoped that the twain shall meet . . . some day.

Mr. Bousman is a Chaplain at the Veterans Hospital in Tucson, Arizona, and was formerly a pastor and Army Chaplain in W.W.II.

Parsons Are Persons

Clergymen want to be treated as human beings, and most of them feel uncomfortable when put on a pedestal. John R. Scotford, former editor of *Advance* (now the new magazine, *A. D.*) said in one of his editorials:

> People need to get over the notion that they must be unnatural when they encounter a minister. He does not want to be fussed over, but to be accepted as a useful member of society. At a dinner, if saying grace will cause the company to catch its breath as if someone has had a stroke, most ministers would rather eat an unblessed meal. We're not sure of all the brethren, but most of us would rather be "mistered" rather than "doctored" while to be "reverended" all the time makes us squirm. This can be reduced to a very simple proposition: if we want natural ministers and not the affected or pompous variety, we should treat them naturally. A minister is first of all a human being, and asks to be received as such.[1]

What minister has not at some time overheard a volley of profanity and then had the one who fired the oath turn around and say, "Pardon me, Reverend. I didn't know you were there," or, "I don't suppose you are used to hearing such language?"

I even had a fellow clergyman pull this one on me. He was speaking before a club, and I was the only other cleric present. During his remarks, he let out a few choice expletives designed to give the impression that he was tough, a man of the world. Then he added, "Of course, I'll have to watch my language. I don't want to shock Mr. Bousman."

Once I had occasion to take a layman to a ministerial meeting. On the way he seemed uneasy and expressed apprehension about how he should act in the presence of so many clergymen. He said jokingly, "I can stand one minister, but what do you talk about when a dozen of them are around?"

My friend was in for a surprise. He seemed to have a good time during the meeting, and a few days later he was relating his experience to a small group. Among other things, he said, "The next time I want to hear some good stories, I'm going to hunt up a pack of preachers!"

Dignity?

Ministers are supposed to have some dignity, but what does this mean? Some have a kind of false dignity, an aloofness mixed with self-consciousness. These are people who suppress the impulse to laugh at a joke or to carry on a conversation with a stranger. Fortunately, this is a kind of dignity only a few expect of the clergy.

True dignity means being yourself. It includes humility, sincerity, and honesty. It will not allow one to hide feelings of inadequacy behind a curtain of artificiality.

A man once asked, "How *do* you address a minister?" From the un-

[1] John R. Scotford, "Can a Minister be Himself?" *Advance,* June, 1950.

certainty, confusion and embarrassment many people exhibit when they first address a cleric they don't know, this would seem to be a common problem.

I have been called "Preacher," "Rector," "Elder, "Pastor," "Parson" and of course, the ever-persistent "Reverend." When I was serving as an army chaplain, I was sometimes addressed as "Father" and once or twice as "Rabbi."

People seem to go from one extreme to the other. Some bend over backwards looking for heavenly titles. This often makes the minister feel uncomfortable. Others use the familiar first name approach which has never offended me. In fact, when a person calls me "Gary," I know he has accepted me and is not trying to hold me off at a distance.

I once heard of a clergyman who jokingly introduced himself as "Doctor." Much to his surprise and embarrassment, the title stuck for a long while. Speaking of this experience some years later, he said whimsically, "Anyway, it served a good purpose."

An Adjective

Throughout my own ministry, I have been hounded and harrassed by the word "Reverend." Most ministers do not enjoy being so addressed, but there is probably little they can do about it. One clergyman says resignedly that the word "Reverend," like "fools and mosquitoes . . . must be suffered." Then he adds, "I refuse to use it gladly." [1]

"Reverend" is an adjective and not a noun! However, it is perfectly proper to use it with a modifier when introducing a clergyman to another person or to an audience. In this case, one should say, "This is the Reverend John Doe," or "This is the Reverend Mr. Doe," When speaking to a minister, it is proper to address him as "Minister." He may of course be addressed as "Doctor" if he has a doctor's degree. The salutation of a letter should begin with "The Reverend (or The Rev.) John Doe, followed on the next lines by his address or the name and address of his church. The letter proper begins: "Dear Mr. Doe." It is no more correct to address a minister as "Reverend" than to address a judge as "Honorable."

I must admit, however, that there is some debate on this matter. In some denominations it is not unusual for a clergyman to introduce himself

[1] The Reverend Morton S. Enslin, *The Pulpit,* January, 1953.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Isaiah 9:6; Matt. 23; Lk. 6:46; John 3:10; 13:13.

1. Have you ever been perplexed about properly addressing a clergyman? How did you resolve your difficulty?
2. In our relaxed and informal age how important, really, is this matter?
3. What was Jesus' attitude on this subject?

Return To Riva Ridge And Belvedere!

The Tenth Mountain Division Revisits Tuscany.

By A. J. McKenna

BIENVENUTI, Americani!" read the welcoming posters. But the American veterans were late, and the Italian Mountain villagers wondered if all those posters and banners and U. S. and Italian flags and the bandstands had been put up for nothing. Surely, the Tenth Mountain Division wouldn't let them down! Surely, the Americani would keep their promise and return to the country they'd liberated twenty-five years earlier!

By noon the warm summer air reached out for the little stone houses of Vidiciatico. The red tile roofs of Gaggio Montana were bright with sunshine, and the blue sky rose behind each hillock. Four Tuscan villages had closed their shops and given the children the day off from school. Local construction workers had temporarily abandoned the hotels they were building. Many of the old carpenters and and bricklayers had been *Partigiani* — Partisans — during World War II. A number of these civilians had fought alongside the Fifth Army's Tenth Mountain Division. And many of the Italian military still remembered the illustrious names — General Mark Clark — General Truscott — plus General George Hays, who commanded the Tenth Mountain Division. The Italians remembered many of the soldiers, too, as individuals, and as a group — how they'd fought their way northward from Florence, and kept smashing north, north, toward the Po River until the Germans finally gave up.

SUDDENLY the buses rumbled through the narrow, curved roads and into Vidiciatico. The villagers rushed forward to greet their visitors. The same thing happened in Gaggio Montana; the vehicles emerged from a road cut through olive groves, and every villager jumped forward. "*Ah, si Recorda?*" "Do you remember me?" shouted a tall, gnarled mason at one of the men from the L Company, 86th Regiment. Introductions of wives and children. Speeches by mayors. "Welcome back Americans!" Little children singing choruses.

In all the villages it was time for the pastries which had been especially baked. Large bottles of red wine had been assembled for just this moment. Glasses clicked on the town squares. Some three hundred members of the Tenth Mountain Division now represented all states. And their families had made it across the Atlantic as well. What a chance to show off the old battlefields! And what better opportunities for flashbacks with old army pals? (Some of them seen for the first time in twenty-five years!) Sitting in cafes and on piazza benches, the Tenth Mountaineers could think again about Camp Hale, Colorado, where many of them had first met and trained.

IN June, '44, the Tenth Mountain Division traveled to Camp Swift, Texas. By February, '45, all three regiments were in combat on the Italian front. Just then Hitler wrote in his diary: "I'll never believe that an American soldier can fight like a hero." The Tenth Mountain Division was to prove the Nazi wrong. The Mountain Troopers saw only three months of action, but, as one officer later put it, "The Tenth contributed more to the German downfall in Italy than any other division." No obstacle seemed too formidable for these rock climbers and skiers, for Americans trained in mountain warfare. One dark night, after many patrols, the rock climbers of the 86th scrambled silently up the difficult crags of Riva Ridge, a sheer 1,000-foot high rock. Icy surfaces and large loads of ammunition made the going slow. The slightest sound would give the troops away to the Germans who sat on the rocky summit. Tension! Yet the Tenth made it, utterly surprising the enemy.

General Hays planned the next attack on February 19 — equally well. The Tenth now struck out for Monte Belevedere, which had been called "impregnable" and "impossible." Did the German Grenadiers on top ever expect an attack? Did they suspect that the 85th and the 87th would have the gall to get up those long, barren approaches, to hurdle all those mines and buck the mountain-top defenses? The generals decided that it had to be another night attack. A day assault would be even costlier. An ingenious scheme: Blinding searchlights from the west confused the Germans. What was the Tenth up to?

Those who'd climbed Belvedere would always remember the suspense: Before they set out, the men had a last warm meal. On the mountain no fires would be allowed. In

fact, no one could smoke. Last-minute orders: The night climb had to be silent. No one was to speak. No one could fire his rifle until the officers gave the signal. Artillery would only be used at the last moment.

By 11:00 p.m. the attack was cocked. The men filed out of houses, from behind walls, from fox holes, tents, stables, barns. Many of the troops marched from Vidiciatico, but others came from Querciola, Lizzano, Gaggio Montana. All the earth-colored, Apennine villages stirred with mountain troopers. The groups were kept small, so as not to arouse the Germans' suspicions. No trucks were used at all; trucks made handy targets. Each company was strung out, single-file.

AS the men moved upward, the night turned colder. The ground was hard and frozen, and little could be seen. No moon shone. Now and then a trooper would suddenly stumble into a hole. The mountain had been bombarded heavily during the past month, and there were many craters.

For the units of the 85th Regiment, everything went according to plan. They scrambled upward yard by yard, undiscovered by the Germans. But the first Battalion of the 87th was not that lucky. A few minutes after midnight one of the companies drew fire from a German pillbox. German burp-guns—submachine guns — and eighty-eight artillery suddenly banged through the night. This fetched artillery fire from U. S. positions in the valleys.

Some platoons which were edging upward behind scout dogs now were in trouble. The dogs started barking like mad and thus gave away positions. Almost immediately, artillery started booming from all sides: The Germans against the Americans, the Americans sending projectiles against the Germans.

At about the same time, several hundred men of the Second Battalion, 87th, got lost in a minefield. Each mine detonation made fierce lights in the night. Explosions kept rocking the ground. Many Americans died.

From Riva Ridge, which had been taken about twenty-eight hours earlier, mountain troopers of the 86th observed the weird flashes and the pounding guns all over Belvedere and the next mountains. Fascinated, the men had a ringside seat to the fireworks, but were so far away they could do nothing to help. By now, many of the signal corps wires which connected various units with headquarters had been cut by artillery. Most companies were thus cut off. The 86th on Riva still didn't know whether their buddies had climbed the top of Belvedere.

The 85th was indeed inching up and, oddly enough, was still safe. All the while, other Tenth mountaineers were stepping onto mines. Midway up Belvedere, in a gulley, a platoon sergeant got half his arm ripped off by mortar fire. The medics applied a tourniquet and stopped the worst flow of blood.

Despite heavy injuries, morale was strong on Mt. Belvedere. When someone was wounded, he often wept more because he hated to

leave his unit and his friends than because of pain.

But by dawn, Belvedere had fallen.

ON July 12, 1969, almost twenty-five years later, a dozen Americans left Vidiciatico in the first sunlight. Ferrucio Pilla, a former Partisan, now a lawyer, was with them. The men wore boots, and although many of them now held sedentary stateside jobs, the ex-troopers hiked up Belvedere. It took several hours. The fields which had once been so ravaged were calm and clean now. Wheat and barley grew here at present; thick hazelbushes sheltered wild strawberries. A few teenage sons had come along; one boy found a rusty steel helmet under a bush. On top of the peak, the Tenth Mountaineers could still see the deep German trenches. The Germans had been stunned by the American daring; they often admitted it. General Mark Clark didn't spare the praise, either. "Twenty-five German divisions have been torn to pieces," he told the nation, calling the Tenth Mountain his "most vital and brilliant troops."

Belvedere didn't end the war, for the remaining Appennine Mountains had to be breached; and General Hays' troops became the spearhead to cross the Po. ("Hays fitted the Division like a well-worn, well-loved glove," said another officer of him.) The Italian lake country still had to be liberated that April, 1945. Recently, Tenth veterans traveled back to Lago di Garda, too.

The war scars are gone from the roads and tunnels and towns around the lake. But the local population still has a warm affection for the Tenth. At the resort of Garda, one of the ex-86th men returned to a hotel which he'd liberated. The owner looked at him, and looked again. Suddenly, tears ran down the Italian's cheeks. He put his arms around this man whose name he couldn't remember, and who lived thousands of miles away now. "Bienvenuto!" he said simply.

There were hundreds of strange post-war stories. When men of the 126th Engineers were billeted in a lakeside villa, one Tenth Mountaineer took a little souvenir with him. It was a small beautifully carved boot for candy. The man brought it back to the States with him. Then, somehow, he had a change of heart — wasn't that object actually stolen? — and decided to find the villa again after the war. Impossible! The villas and the villages looked so much alike, and no one remembered the shoe owner's whereabouts. Then, one day, the American learned that the villa had been sold and that it's owner — a surgeon — now lived in Milan. The mountaineer tracked him down. "I'll meet you at the station. I'll wear an Alpini hat," the doctor said. Ah, but there was an Alpini reunion; and fifty men wore such hats! Finally, an hour later, the war souvenir found its owner.

AFTER its deactivation, the Tenth Mountain Division became the hot spark plug for America's industry. Ex-troopers laid out ski hills and ski towns; they built

ski lodges; they designed ski lifts of all kinds; they invented better skis and improved ski poles. They moved into ski fashions. They shot motion pictures for skiers and started ski magazines or opened ski schools.

All through the late forties and the fifties, the men of the Tenth furnished skiing instruction to the general public. They became ski coaches in schools and universities, and they supervised our Olympic athletes. The Tenth Mountain Association still holds the Division together. At least once a year many veterans from the West meet at a Colorado monument for the Division's one thousand dead. The former officers turn up for the occasion. Speeches are short and to the point, like one made by Colonel David M. Fowler: "Thanks for all you have done," he once said simply. "May God be with you — now and forever." ■ ■

PLEASE DON'T CALL ME "REVEREND!"

(*Continued from page 53*)

as "Reverend," and I heard one man say he *insisted* that his members call him "Reverend."

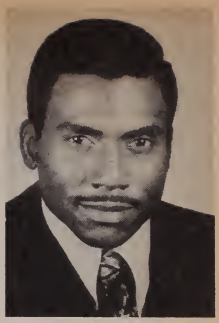
Grammatically, it is incorrect to use "Reverend" as a title, yet some gramarians might concede that any word or expression used incorrectly over a long period of time can become acceptable as "good" English.

So, despite the feelings of many ministers, there is no hard and fast rule. Perhaps the Lutherans, Episcopalians, Orthodox, Roman Catholics and Jews have the advantage over some of us; for them "Pastor," "Father," and "Rabbi" are undisputed, normative titles.

Call me *Brother,* if you will
Call me Parson, — better still
Or if perchance, the Catholic frill
Doth your heart with longing fill —
Though plain Mister fills the bill.
Then even Father brings no chill
Or hurt or rancor or ill-will.
To no D. D. do I pretend,
Though Doctor doth some honor lend,
Pastor, Preacher, Rector, Friend,
Titles almost without end
Never grate and ne'er offend;
A loving ear to all I bend,
But how the man my heart doth rend,
Who blithely calls me *Reverend.*[1]

[1] The Pulpit Digest, February, 1953. (Author Unknown).

Spin These!



By Wilson Breaker, Jr.

Have a Nice Day: Ralph Carmichael and the Young People. Light Records; Waco, Texas. Stereo, LS-5583-LP: *Have a Nice Day; And There Was Jesus; The Twenty-fifth Annual Hollow Grove Sunday School All-Day Picnic; All I Got Is "Now"; The Magic of Believing; Gotta Have Faith; Little David; I Can Choose; A Helping Hand; Everything's Got a Price But Jesus.* Personnel: Orchestra and choir conducted by Ralph Carmichael.

Just when you think you have heard everything, then someone produces an album like this one; the first gospel record with an abundance grace and tact to cover it's use of profanity in the song, *Gotta Have Faith,* a song which juxterpositions doubt and faith. Perhaps this album will appeal to young people for its words, harmony, and instrumental accompaniment. *I Can Choose* is my favorite song from this album. It is partly narrated, structured in an A (narration) B (song) A (narration) form, and has all the makings of a new hit gospel song. Actually, I look forward to a live presentation of the song in our churches without the narration, for the message is clear: choose God.

A few last words: With the down-home styled piano introduction of *Everything's Got a Price But Jesus,* one will find that it is a new masterpiece of gospel music too.

The Real Thing. Word Records; Waco, Texas. Stereo, WST-8584-LP: *This Little Light of Mine; Sunny Day; God Speaking To You; Say I Do; Take a Look Around You; Comin'; Get It Together; I Need You Every Hour; Psalm 19; Help Me Care; We Are One; Refuge.* Personnel: Singers: Randy Mathews; The Lively Ones; The Young and Free; Sonny Salsbury; Crimson Bridge; Larry Hubbell; Vonda Van Dyke; Thurlow Spur and the Spurrlows.

When it comes to this album, THE REAL THING, save your money. Even the efforts of Miss America, Vonda Van Dyke, does not aid to the quality. There is only one song on this whole album that could touch you as the "real thing," *God Speaking to You.* Done in unison and two-part voice with rock guitar, bongos, drums and organ, it carries His message with catchy rhythms, lyrics, and harmonies over improvised guitar constantly pronouncing the gospel scale, particularly the flatted third and seventh scale degrees.

Readers are invited to correspond with Mr. Breaker about religious recordings. Please address him c/o the LINK, 122 Md. Ave. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002 (Ed.)

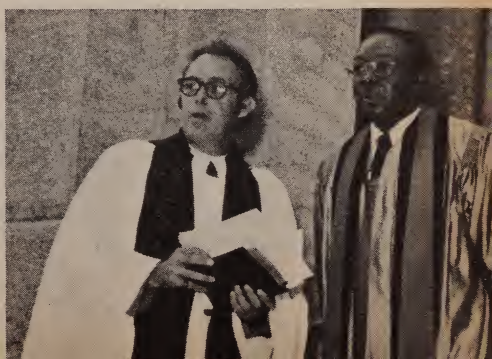
Rear Admiral Francis L. Garrett, CHC, USN, Chief of Navy Chaplains, was a recent guest preacher at the U.S. Air Force Academy Chapel. With Admiral Garrett are: (l-r) C4C Richard L. Kempton, C3C Dale W. Meyerrose, and C4C Craig L. Bjorklund.

(Below) (l-r) The Rev. Thomas E. Anderman, Centenary United Methodist Church, and Msgr. George W. Rost of the Assumption Parish, both of Lebanon, Pa., discuss the military chaplaincy with Chaplain (LTC) Jack R. Milligan, USA, in the Indiantown Gap Military Reservation Post Chapel during a meeting of the Lebanon County Multi-Faith Clergy Association.

Recently baptized at St. Paul's Chapel, NTC, Bainbridge, Md., were the three children of Commissaryman 2/c and Mrs. Robert H. Anderson and the three children of Chief Signalman and Mrs. Francis D. Baird. Shown above, (l-r) before the baptisms are the Bairds: Penny, 10, Cynthia, 6, Jeanette, 1, Mrs. Baird, Commissaryman 2/c Charlie Varner, Godfather for the Andersons' children; Mrs. Anderson, Scott Anderson, 1, his father, Allan, 13, and Cheryl, 12; they were also confirmed. The Bairds are Methodists while the Andersons are Lutherans. Penny, Cheryl, and Allan also sing in the Youth Choir. Chaplain Donald Wilson, Lutheran Church in America chaplain, stands ready for the joyful event.

News in Pictures

Chaplain (LTC) Mitchell C. Johnson, USA, (right) Post Chaplain, Presidio of San Francisco, chats with the Rev. Canon Stanley Rodgers, of Grace Cathedral (Episcopal) before the annual Battle of Britain Memorial Service last Fall. The Service was sponsored by the Royal Air Forces Association.



Worth Repeating

A home permanent is a mother with small children.

Just why is it that you *convince* a man, but must *persuade* a woman?

Nature is generous. When we reach the sitting-around stage of life, she provides us with more cushions.

Destiny shapes ends, but middles are of our own chewsing.

She has such a turned-up nose that when she sneezes she blows off her hat.

The world changes so fast that a man couldn't be wrong all the time if he tried.

The modern young man doesn't leave footprints in the sands of time — just tire tracks.

The way most people manage to live within their income is partially.

In too many instances, the politician's bumper sticker lasts longer than his promises.

A loud alarm clock will scare the daylights into you.

Some students drink at the fountain of knowledge; others just gargle.

A bargain is something you can't use at a price you cannot resist.

Some people are so addicted to exaggeration that they can't tell the truth without lying.

Life, for most of us, is a continuous process of getting used to things we hadn't expected.

Books Are Friendly Things

Religious Policy and Practice in Communist China by DONALD E. MACINNES. Macmillan. 1972. 392 pp. $8.95 hard cover, $3.95 paper.

This is a scholarly tracing of published statements on religious policy and practice in the People's Republic of China. The author, a former missionary, is the principal China expert of the National Council of Churches.

Hitler and the Beer Hall Putsch by HAROLD J. GORDON, JR. 1972. Princeton University Press. 666 pp. $19.50.

An impressive, detailed study of Hitler's abortive effort in Munich based on careful analysis of primary source materials. The author describes the contending forces, the relative position of Hitler's group in the larger spectrum, and the aftermath of the failure of the Putsch.

The Authentic Person by SYDNEY J. HARRIS. Argus. 1972. 142 pp. $1.95.

A syndicated columnist gives his philosophical view of the dilemmas of modern man. A very readable, reasoned plea for the acceptance of moral responsibility for the relief of society's basic ills.

Liberation in Middle America by GABRIEL J. FACKRE. Pilgrim Press. 1972. 125 pp. $4.95.

A small handbook on how one man sees and attempts to work with and influence "middle America," the home territory and social terrain of the church.

Risk and Chance in Marriage by BERNARD HARNIK. Word Books. 1972. 179 pp. $4.95.

A very wise and helpful treatment of marriage and family relationships from youth to advanced old age. The author is a Swiss physician and a friend of Paul Tournier who writes the book's foreward. Excellent insights and illustrations from actual cases in a large and effective counseling practice. He says, "To avoid or counter neurosis in the second half of life, we must be persuaded of a transcendental meaning for life. In other words, whoever approaches forty without philosophy, art, or religion, is risking a neurosis."

A.R.A.

The Link Calendar

Apr. 1-30	April Cancer Crusade, American Cancer Society.
Apr. 1	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. April Fools' Day.
Apr. 2	Hans Christian Andersen, Danish writer and story teller, born this day in 1805.
Apr. 3-5	World Airports Conference, London, England.
Apr. 6-11	International Book Festival, Nice, France.
Apr. 7	Oxford—Cambridge Boat Race, River Thames, England.
Apr. 8	FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT, sometimes called "Passion Sunday."
Apr. 8-14	National Library Week; National Boys' Club Week; Pan American Week, by Presidential Proclamation.
Apr. 10	Salvation Army Founder's Day. William Booth born in 1829.
Apr. 13	Thomas Jefferson born this day in 1743.
Apr. 14	Pan American Day.
Apr. 15	PALM SUNDAY. HOLY WEEK BEGINS. Christ's entry into Jerusalem is recalled.
Apr. 16	Patriots' Day, Massachusetts. Commemorates Paul Revere's famous ride from Boston to Concord.
Apr. 17	FIRST DAY OF PASSOVER, start of an 8-day commemoration of the delivery of the Jews from slavery in Egypt.
Apr. 19	MAUNDY THURSDAY. Jesus' last supper with his disciples.
Apr. 20	GOOD FRIDAY, Commemorates Christ's crucifixion.
Apr. 21	HOLY SATURDAY, EASTER EVEN. Time for Holy Baptism, Vigils.
Apr. 22	EASTER DAY, the Festival of Christ's Resurrection.
Apr. 22-28	National YWCA Week; National Secretaries Week.
Apr. 23	EASTER MONDAY, traditional time for Egg Races. St. George's Day, Patron Saint of England, celebrated there by the wearing of a red rose.
Apr. 25	National Secretaries Day.
Apr. 26-30	Explorer Scouts' Presidents' Congress, Boy Scouts of America.
Apr. 27	Arbor Day. Plant a tree!
Apr. 29	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. The Emperor's Birthday, Japan.
Apr. 30	Walpurgis Night. Northern Europe, Witches' Sabbath, the Eve of May Day, celebrated especially by students.

Prayers for Holy Week & Easter

ALMIGHTY GOD, whose most dear Son went not up to joy but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified; Mercifully grant that we, walking in the way of the cross, may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

ASSIST us mercifully with thy help, O Lord God of our salvation; that we may enter with joy upon the meditation of those mighty acts, whereby thou hast given unto us life and immortality; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, whose dear Son, on the night before he suffered, did institute the Sacrament of his Body and Blood; Mercifully grant that we may thankfully receive the same in remembrance of him, who in these holy mysteries giveth us a pledge of life eternal; the same thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit ever, one God, world without end.

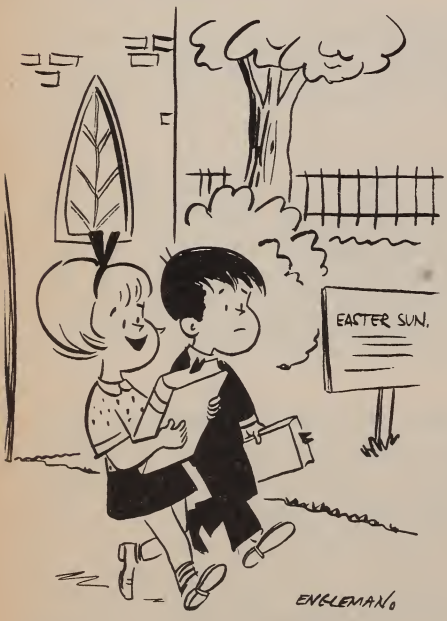
ALMIGHTY GOD, we beseech thee graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross; who now liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost ever, one God, world without end.

O GOD who for our redemption didst give thine only-begotten Son to the death of the Cross, and by his glorious resurrection hast delivered us from the power of our enemy; Grant us so to die daily from sin, that we may evermore live with him in the joy of his resurrection; through the same thy Son Christ our Lord.

At Ease!

The new foreign student, invited to a social gathering, was a bit hesitant about attending. His English still gave him trouble. But his friend loaned him a book of etiquette, and he memorized certain handy phrases.

The hostess served ice cream, and he expressed his appreciation this way: "Thank you, Miss, Mrs., or Mr., whatever the case may be."



"Then an angel rolled back the stone and said to Jesus, 'Come, fly with me!' "

Husband: "In our six years of marriage we haven't been able to agree on anything."

Wife: "Dearest, it's been *seven* years—remember?"

"And how did you find the bath salts, madam?" asked the druggist.

"Well, they taste very nice," said the shopper, "but frankly I don't think they have the same effect as a real bath."

Departing guest: "You've got a pretty place here, Frank, but it looks a bit bare yet."

Host: "Oh, it's because the trees are rather young. I hope they'll have grown to a good size before you come again."

A rich old electric company stockholder, explaining his wealth to his grandchildren, stated it was the result, not so much of the number of shares purchased initially, but rather the length of time he had held them. "Why," said he, "when I bought this stock the company was known as 'General Candle!' "

Mrs. Gordon was sending her husband to the store to get a head of cabbage.

"What size head?" Mr. Gordon asked.

"Oh, about the size of your head," he was told.

Later, a friend reported, "I think you should know, Mrs. Gordon, that your husband is acting strangely. I saw him at the store today trying his hat on one head of cabbage after another."

"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say:
"Hell today is vanquished, heaven is won today!"
Lo! the dead is living, God forevermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

—Venantius Fortunatus (530-609)